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1. Songs, National - Et, Br.
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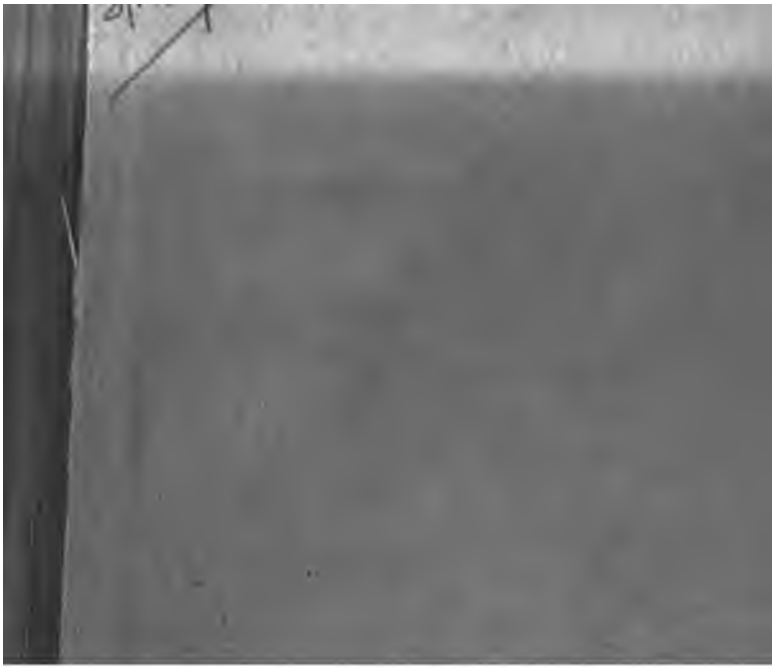

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PATRIOTIC SONG

PATRIOTIC SONG

A BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Being an Anthology of the Patriotic Poetry of the British Empire from the Defeat of the Spanish Armada till the Death of Queen Victoria.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ARTHUR STANLEY

Arthur Stanley Meadow

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

RIGHT REVEREND J. E. C. WELLDON

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL

And here the Singer for his Art
Not all in vain may plead
'The song that nerves a Nation's heart,
Is in itself a deed.'

Tennyson.

NEW EDITION

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1903

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THIS BOOK

IS

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OF

THAT GLORIOUS COMPANY OF MEN

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES

FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS book is intended to be a representative collection of the patriotic poetry of the British Empire. I have taken a wide view of the term "patriotic"—wide enough, indeed, to include the Jacobite Songs of Scotland and the National Songs of Ireland.

Many of my numbers breathe the spirit of war; for the national instinct is most deeply stirred in times of great national emotion. But I have aimed at making this volume something more than a book of war-songs, holding that a man may prove his patriotism as well at home in the pursuit of his daily business as on the battlefield in the presence of his country's enemies. Love of country is the root of the matter; and, after all, it is harder to live for one's country than to die for it.

I gratefully acknowledge the debt I owe to authors and owners of copyright poems. I am equally grateful to all who, whether at home or in the Colonies, have given me encouragement, assistance, or advice. My

obligations to Professor Dowden, Mr. W. E. Henley, and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch are very great.

My scheme, as originally conceived, provided for the inclusion of a section representing the patriotism of America; but, on reconsideration, I have decided not to go beyond the limits of the British Empire.

A. S.

INTRODUCTION

THE present collection of patriotic songs will, I think, accord with the imperial spirit of the day; for they are representative of the whole British Empire.

It is needless to dwell upon the inspiring energy of song. Since the age of Tyrtæus it has everywhere been recognised as a powerful incentive to valour. A nation can scarcely exist without a national anthem. How characteristic are the anthems of the nations! It may almost be said that the difference of the English and the French nations is expressed by the contrast between *God Save the King* and the *Marseillaise.* What an influence songs have exercised upon the life of nations! The debt of Scotland to Burns, the debt of Ireland to Moore, is greater than words can tell. Fletcher of Saltoun was perhaps not wrong in his estimate of the songs, as compared with the laws, of a nation.

I am not responsible for the present collection; perhaps, if I had made it, I should have left out some few songs which find a place in it, and should have inserted some

few others which do not, but the purpose of it I heartily approve. To consolidate the Empire, and to animate it as a whole with noble ideas, is one of the greatest needs and duties of the present day; and an empire, like an admiral, lives not by bread alone, but by its sentiments, its ambitions, its ideals.

J. E. C. CALCUTTA.

October 1901.

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I

ENGLAND

I

SONG OF THE ENGLISH BOWMEN

AGINCOURT, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen?
With their pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat down,
Shot by our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot,
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slain by our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well,
All our old stories tell,
Thanks to our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where our fifth Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men:
And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
Good English Bowman!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the vict'ry bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French:
Rare English Bowmen!

Anonymous.

II

FAREWELL TO DRAKE AND NORRIS

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves:
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home:
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu!
To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!
Hoist sails; weigh anchors up; plough up the seas
With flying keels; plough up the land with swords!
You follow them whose swords successful are:
You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquishèd;
You follow noble Norris whose renown,
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ and England's peerless Queen,

Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves,
O ten-times-treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's Queen,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are!
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits;
These honours and this glory shall He send,
Whose honour and Whose glory you defend.

George Peele.

III

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power:

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.'

'And for myself,' quoth he,
'This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.'

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the single aim
    To our hid forces!
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
    Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
    Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
    Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
    As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.

IV

THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue;
Go and subdue!
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

DRAYTON

Britons, you stay too long:
  Quickly aboard bestow you,
    And with a merry gale
    Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
  As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer
  West and by south forth keep,
    Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
    When Æolus scowls
You need not fear,
  So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
  Success you shall entice
    To get the pearl and gold,
    And ours to hold
Virginia
  Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
  Fowl, venison, and fish,
    And the fruitfull'st soil
    Without your toil
Three harvests more,
  All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
  Crowns with his purple mass
    The cedar reaching high
    To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
  And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age
  Still nature's laws doth give,
    Nor other cares attend
    But them to defend
From winter's rage,
  That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
  Of that delicious land
    Above the seas that flows
    The clear wind throws
Your hearts to swell
  Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
  (Thanks to God first given)
    O you the happiest men,
    Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
  Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
  Such heroes bring ye forth
    As those from whom we came;
    And plant our name
Under that star
  Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
  Of laurel everywhere,—
    Apollo's sacred tree,—
    You it may see
A poet's brows
  To crown that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend
  Industrious Hackluit
    Whose reading shall inflame
    Men to seek fame,
And much commend
  To after times thy wit.

Michael Drayton.

V

A PICTURE OF ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

William Shakespeare.

VI

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

William Shakespeare.

VII

ENGLAND AT WAR

THE PREPARATION

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

AT SEA

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton Pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think

You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either passed or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

KING HARRY TO HIS SOLDIERS

(*At the Siege of Harfleur*)

'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspèct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"'

THE EVE OF BATTLE

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly.

KING HARRY'S PRAYER

'O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.'

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY AT AGINCOURT

(*King Harry to his Soldiers*)

'This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
And gentlemen in England now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.'

THE WELCOME HOME

Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.

William Shakespeare.

VIII

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL

'CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.'

William Shakespeare.

IX

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he:
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out:

You musket and cailìver men,
  Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the bravest man in fight,'
  Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
  They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most valiantly
  Not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell
  Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
  Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
  This fight endurèd sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
  That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses
  Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
  They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
  They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly
  For the favour they had found;
And bearing up their colours,
  The fight they did renew,
And cutting tow'rds the Spaniard,
  Five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
  And bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
  Charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
  They thought it best to flee:
They feared the stout behaviour
  Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
  'Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
  If that we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
  With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground
  For all the devils in hell.'

And when the fearful enemy
  Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously
  To rout his forces quite;
And at last they gave a shout
  Which echoed through the sky:
'God and Saint George for England!'
  The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
  With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
  Of this same victory.
'O! this is brave Lord Willoughby
  My love that ever won:
Of all the lords of honour
  'Tis he great deeds hath done!'

To the soldiers that were maimèd,
  And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
  Of eighteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
  She quit and set them free;
And this she did all for the sake
  Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
  And never be dismayed!
If that we be but one to ten,
  We will not be afraid

To fight with foreign enemies,
  And set our country free,
And thus I end the bloody bout
  Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Anonymous.

X

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

ATTEND you, and give ear awhile,
  And you shall understand
Of a battle fought upon the seas
  By a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious
  Men's hearts it did fulfil,
And it made them cry, 'To sea, to sea,
  With the *Angel Gabriel!*'

This lusty ship of Bristol,
  Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
  Her strength with them to try;
Well victualled, rigged, and manned she was,
  With good provision still,
Which made them cry, 'To sea, to sea,
  With the *Angel Gabriel!*'

The Captain, famous Netherway
  (That was his noble name);
The Master—he was called John Mines—
  A mariner of fame:
The Gunner, Thomas Watson,
  A man of perfect skill:
With many another valiant heart
  In the *Angel Gabriel.*

They waving up and down the seas
  Upon the ocean main,
'It is not long ago,' quoth they,
  'That England fought with Spain:

O would the Spaniard we might meet
  Our stomachs to fulfil!
We would play him fair a noble bout
  With our *Angel Gabriel!*'

They had no sooner spoken
  But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
  Of warlike trim and might;
With bloody resolution
  They thought our men to spill,
And vowed that they would make a prize
  Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

Our gallant ship had in her
  Full forty fighting men;
With twenty piece of ordnance
  We played about them then,
With powder, shot, and bullets
  Right well we worked our will,
And hot and bloody grew the fight
  With our *Angel Gabriel.*

Our Captain to our Master said,
  'Take courage, Master bold!'
Our Master to the seamen said,
  'Stand fast, my hearts of gold!'
Our Gunner unto all the rest,
  'Brave hearts, be valiant still!
Fight on, fight on in the defence
  Of our *Angel Gabriel!*'

We gave them such a broadside
  It smote their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit off their ship,
  Which made the Spaniards wonder,
And causèd them in fear to cry,
  With voices loud and shrill,
'Help, help, or sunken we shall be
  By the *Angel Gabriel!*'

So desperately they boarded us
  For all our valiant shot,
Threescore of their best fighting men
  Upon our decks were got;
And lo! at their first entrances
  Full thirty did we kill,
And thus with speed we cleared the deck
  Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

With that their three ships boarded us
  Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
  Cried out 'A fig for Spain!'
Though seven times they boarded us
  At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel what men we were
  On the *Angel Gabriel.*

Seven hours this fight continued:
  So many men lay dead,
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
  The sea was coloured red.
Five hundred of their fighting men
  We there outright did kill,
And many more were hurt and maimed
  By our *Angel Gabriel.*

Then seeing of these bloody spoils,
  The rest made haste away:
For why, they said, it was no boot
  The longer there to stay.
Then they fled into Calès,
  Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
  With our *Angel Gabriel.*

We had within our English ship
  But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
  Will soon be well again.

At Bristol we were landed,
  And let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our lusty hearts
  And our *Angel Gabriel.*

Anonymous.

XI

TO THE LORD GENERAL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

John Milton.

XII

DELIVERANCE

O HOW comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth ;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,

With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

John Milton.

XIII

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star:

And, like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose;

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
  And if we would speak true,
  Much to the man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
  (As if his highest plot
  To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
  And cast the kingdoms old
  Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
  (But those do hold or break
  As men are strong or weak),

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
  And therefore must make room
  Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
  And Hampton shows what part
  He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
  That Charles himself might chase
  To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
  While round the armèd bands
  Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
  But with his keener eye
  The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
  But bow'd his comely head
  Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
  So, when they did design
  The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
  And yet in that the State
  Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
  So much one man can do
  That doth both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
  How good he is, how just,
  And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand
  (How fit he is to sway,
  That can so well obey!),

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
  And (what he may) forbears
  His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt
  So when the falcon high
  Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
  Where, when he first does lure,
  The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
  What may not others fear
  If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
  And to all states not free
  Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
  But from this valour sad
  Shrink underneath the plaid.

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
  Nor lay his hounds in near
  The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on,
  And for the last effect
  Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
  The same arts that did gain
  A power, must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell.

XIV

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.

'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!'
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.

XV

THE KING'S EXILE

LET rogues and cheats prognosticate
Concerning kings' or kingdoms' fate,
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies,
    Whose sight goes beyond
    The depth of a pond
Or rivers in the greatest rain;
    For I can tell
    All will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again!

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver brave,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have,
    With rich perfume
    In every room,
Delightful to that princely train,—
    Yet the old again shall be
    When the happy time you see
That the King enjoys his own again.

Full forty years this royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own;
And is there any one but he
That in the same should sharer be?
    For who better may
    The sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
    Then let's hope for a peace,
    For the wars will not cease
Till the King enjoys his own again.

Martin Parker.

XVI

HERE'S A HEALTH

HERE's a health unto His Majesty,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Anonymous.

XVII

A SONG OF KING ARTHUR

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thunder-
ing drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound:
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

John Dryden.

XVIII

LONDON IN 1666

Methinks already from this chymic flame
  I see a city of more precious mould,
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
  With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
  She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
  Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now and more august,
  New deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
  And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show
  Who sate to bathe her by a river's side,
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
  Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold
  From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
The East with incense and the West with gold
  Will stand like suppliants to receive her dome.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
  Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
  With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine
  The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
The Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
  Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who designed more far,
  And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star
  Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
  The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this town without a fleet
  From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
  The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share
  Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquered half the war,
  And the less dangerous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare
  And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
  And now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more!
A constant trade-wind will securely blow
  And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

John Dryden.

XIX

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heaven's command
  Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
  And guardian angels sang the strain:
    Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
      Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
  Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—
  The dread and envy of them all!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
  More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the last blast which tears the skies
  Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
  All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
  And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
  Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
  And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
  Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
  And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
    Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
      Britons never shall be slaves!

James Thomson.

XX

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

HERE'S a health to the King and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase!
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;—
And he that will this health deny,
  Down among the dead men—
  Down among the dead men—
  Down, down, down, down,
  Down among the dead men let him lie!

John Dyer.

XXI

GOD SAVE THE KING

GOD save our lord, the King,
Long live our noble King,—
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks!
On Thee our hopes we fix,—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,—
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

Anonymous.

XXII

HEARTS OF OAK

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword 'Be free';
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

David Garrick.

XXIII

THE SLEEP OF THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

XXIV

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief:

'Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish,—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

'Other Romans shall arise
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
  Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,
  Dying, hurled them at the foe:

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you!'

William Cowper.

XXV

THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

TOLL for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper.

XXVI

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Charles Dibdin.

XXVII

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR

JACK dances and sings, and is always content,
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where winds the tir'd vessel are flinging;
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

'Long-side of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh from his soul o'er that enemy's grave:
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons road loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dead hurricane rattle;
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a Fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,
As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her;
Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be must,
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

Charles Dibdin.

XXVIII

TOM TOUGH

My name, d'ye see, 's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow;
I've sailed with valiant Howe, I've sailed with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out 'Yo heave ho!'
Yet more shall ye be knowing,—
I was coxon to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced the foe.
Then put round the grog,—
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing 'Yo heave ho!'

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below,
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a 'Yo heave ho!'
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seized the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spite of tears and sighs, sang out 'Yo heave ho!'

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung 'Yo heave ho!'
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,

The boy, when he grows up will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out 'Yo heave ho!'

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with 'Yo heave ho!'
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,—
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors, nobly for to face the foe;—
Then to Country and King,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out 'Yo heave ho!'

Charles Dibdin.

XXIX

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these,
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier!

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers!

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades,
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers!

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, 'Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier!
'Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears!'
Then sing, tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers!

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes,
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers!

Anonymous.

XXX

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vowed to love me.

But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
  Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
  To the girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
  In sleeping, or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
  For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
  And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
  With the girl I've left behind me.

Anonymous.

XXXI

THE *ARETHUSA*

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
  Huzza for the *Arethusa!*
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave;
  Her men are staunch
  To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
  On board of the *Arethusa.*

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout
  Bore down on the *Arethusa.*
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
  Not a sheet, or a tack,
  Or a brace, did she slack;
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
  On board of the *Arethusa.*

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the *Arethusa.*
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho!'
The Frenchman then cried out 'Hallo!'
'Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee!'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be!'
'Then I must lug you along with me,'
Says the saucy *Arethusa.*

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa.*
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with the Britons more,
Let each fill his glass
To his fav'rite lass;
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the *Arethusa.*

Prince Hoare.

XXXII

JERUSALEM IN ENGLAND

ENGLAND, awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult; and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

And did those feet in ancient time
  Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
  On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
  Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
  Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
  Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
  Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

XXXIII

ON LANDING IN ENGLAND

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

William Wordsworth.

XXXIV

DESTINY

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood!'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever—In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

William Wordsworth.

XXXV

THE MOTHERLAND

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I, by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

William Wordsworth.

XXXVI

TO THE MEN OF KENT

(*October*, 1803)

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty bow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore;—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

William Wordsworth.

XXXVII

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;

Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENGLAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

William Wordsworth.

XL

HOPE

DESPOND who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
'Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings that a day of doom
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.'

William Wordsworth.

XLI

IN MEMORIAM

(NELSON: PITT: FOX)

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But O my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?

What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth, who in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, from the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride he would not crush restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the
freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

O think, how to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till in his fall with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er FOX's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;

And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be ever harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the long last rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
'All peace on earth, good-will to men';
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honoured grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.
With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave

E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?'

Sir Walter Scott.

XLII

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
'If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!'
Says Freedom, 'Why that's my own island!'
O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island,
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water,—he couldn't come *by* land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
O, what a snug little island!
They'd all have a touch at the island!
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some staid to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
  Cried 'D—n it, I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor*man*dy,
  And live on yon beautiful island.'
    Says he, ''Tis a snug little island:
    Sha'n't us go visit the island?'
    Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
    And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party-deceit help'd the Normans to beat;
  Of traitors they managed to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd,
  Had they stuck to the King of their island.
    Poor Harold, the King of the island!
    He lost both his life and his island.
    That's very true; what more could he do?
    Like a Briton he died for his island!

The Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
  Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
  And take their full swing in the island.
    O, the poor Queen of the island!
    The Dons came to plunder the island;
    But, snug in the hive, the Queen was alive,
    And buz was the word in the island.

Those proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
  Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
  And stoop to the lads of the island.
    Huzza for the lads of the island!
    The good wooden walls of the island;
    Devil or Don, let 'em come on;
    But how would they come *off* at the island?

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
  In each saying, 'This shall be my land';

Should the 'Army of England,' or all they could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.
We'll fight for our right to the island;
We'll give them enough of the island;
Invaders should just—bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island!

Thomas Dibdin.

XLIII

THE MERRY SOLDIER

'WHO'LL serve the King?' cried the sergeant aloud:
Roll went the drum, and the fife played sweetly;
'Here, master sergeant,' said I, from the crowd,
'Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely.'
My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade,
Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid:
He'd march, fight—left, right,
Front flank—centre rank,
Storm the trenches—court the wenches,
Loved the rattle of a battle,
Died with glory—lives in story!
And, like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

'Hold up your head,' said the sergeant at drill:
Roll went the drum, and the fife played loudly;
'Turn out your toes, sir!' Says I, 'Sir, I will,'
For a nimble-wristed round rattan the sergeant flourished proudly.
My father died when corporal, but I ne'er turned my back,
Till, promoted to the halberd, I was sergeant in a crack.
In sword and sash cut a dash,
Spurr'd and booted, next recruited

Hob and Clod—awkward squad,
Then began my rattan,
When boys unwilling came to drilling;
Till, made the colonel's orderly, then who but I so bluff,
Led a very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

'Homeward, my lads!' cried the general.—'Huzza!'
Roll went the drum, and the fife played cheer'ly,
To quick time we footed, and sung all the way
'Hey for the pretty girls we love so dearly!'
My father lived with jolly boys in bustle, jars, and strife,
And, like him, being fond of noise, I mean to take a wife
Soon as miss blushes '*y-i-s!*'
Rings, gloves, dears, loves,
Bells ringing, comrades singing,
Honeymoon finished soon,
Scolding, sighing, children crying!
Yet still a wedded life may prove, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

Thomas Dibdin.

XLIV

THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE BUFFS

STEEP is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope;
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
Such fate was mine.—The standard of the Buffs
I bore at Albuera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeem'd, the Polish lancers fell

Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claim'd
My precious charge.—'Not but with life!' I cried,
And life was given for immortality.
The flag which to my heart I held, when wet
With that heart's blood, was soon victoriously
Regain'd on that great day. In former times,
Marlborough beheld it borne at Ramilies;
For Brunswick and for liberty it waved
Triumphant at Culloden; and hath seen
The lilies on the Caribbean shores
Abased before it. Then too in the front
Of battle did it flap exultingly,
When Douro, with its wide stream interposed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack,
Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I
Transmitted it. He who in days to come
May bear the honour'd banner to the field,
Will think of Albuera, and of me.

Robert Southey.

XLV

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell

Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

XLVI

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane,
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the goom.

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Thomas Campbell.

XLVII

MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England! who inherit
  Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
  Has been proved on field and flood:—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
  By the glorious deeds you've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
  Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
  Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
  Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
  Where no public virtues bloom?
What avails in lands of slavery,
  Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
  For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
  Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
  Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
  Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
  Crown'd and mitred tyranny;—
They defied the field and scaffold
  For their birthrights—so will we!

Thomas Campbell.

XLVIII

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG

AWAY with bayonet and with lance,
  With corselet, casque, and sword;
Our island-king no war-horse needs,
  For on the sea he's lord.
His throne's the war-ship's lofty deck,
  His sceptre is the mast;
His kingdom is the rolling wave,
  His servant is the blast.
His anchor's up, fair Freedom's flag
  Proud to the mast he nails;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads,
  For there your terror sails.

I saw fierce Prussia's chargers stand,
  Her children's sharp swords out;—
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red
  When rose the closing shout;
But soon the steeds rush'd masterless,
  By tower, and town, and wood;
For lordly France her fiery youth
  Poured o'er them like a flood.
Go, hew the gold spurs from your heels,
  And let your steeds run free;
Then come to our unconquered decks,
  And learn to reign at sea.

Behold yon black and batter'd hulk
  That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern,
  For peace has pluck'd her pride;
The masts are down, the cannon mute
  She shows nor sheet nor sail,
Nor starts forth with the seaward breeze,
  Nor answers shout nor hail;
Her merry men, with all their mirth,
  Have sought some other shore;
And she with all her glory on,
  Shall rule the sea no more.

So landsmen speak. Lo! her top-masts
  Are quivering in the sky;
Her sails are spread, her anchor's raised,
  There sweeps she gallant by.
A thousand warriors fill her decks;
  Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
  Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth;
  Her stainless flag flies free;
Kings of the earth, come and behold
  How Britain reigns on sea!

When on your necks the armèd foot
  Of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea,
  Where we triumphant rode,
He launched his terror and his strength,
  Our sea-born pride to tame;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
  And vanish'd as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
  And set your war-steeds free;
The world has one unconquer'd king,
  And he reigns on the sea!

Allan Cunningham.

XLIX

ON LEAVING ENGLAND

Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
  And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
  That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
  Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
  Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
  And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
  Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
  Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
    prevail.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
  Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
  Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
  Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
  A country with—aye, or without mankind;
  Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—
  Not without cause; and should I leave behind
  The inviolate Island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay
  My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
  My Spirit shall resume it—if we may
  Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
  My hopes of being remembered in my line
  With my land's language: if too fond and far
  These aspirations in their scope incline,—
  If my Fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead
  Are honoured by the Nations—let it be—
  And light the Laurels on a loftier head!
  And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
  'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'
  Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need—
  The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
  I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

Byron.

L

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
  Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute.
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free,
For standing on the Persians' grave
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear!

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
  Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Byron.

LI

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
  And Belgium's capital had gathered then
  Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright
  The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
  A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
  Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
  Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
  And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
  knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No—'twas but the wind,
  Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
  On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
  No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
  To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
  But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
  As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
  And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
  Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain; he did hear
  That sound the first amidst the festival,
  And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
  And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
  His heart more truly knew that peal too well
  Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
  And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro—
  And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
  And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
  Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—
  And there were sudden partings, such as press
  The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
  Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
  If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste—the steed,
  The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
  Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
  And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,—
  And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
  And near, the beat of the alarming drum
  Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
  While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They
    come! they come!'

And wild and high the 'Camerons' Gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass—
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;—
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend—foe,—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

LII

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
    head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
  But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

LIII

THE BENDED BOW

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

'Heard you not the battle horn?—
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!'

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

'Hunter! leave the mountain-chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!'

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

'Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall.'

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

'Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower, and in the hold!
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung,

Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee!'

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

'Mother! stay not thou thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy,
Sister bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!'

And the bended bow and the voice passed on;
And the bards made song for a battle won.

Felicia Hemans.

LIV

ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the Ocean Isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, not wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade;

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar;—

But let the sound roll on!
  It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone,—
  There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods
  The western wilds among,
And free in green Columbia's woods
  The hunter's bow is strung;—

But let the floods rush on!
  Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?—
  There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
  In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
  Like rose-leaves on the breeze;—

But let the storm rage on!
  Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
  There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
  'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
  And the northern night-clouds lour;—

But let the ice drift on!
  Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
  Even there sleep England's dead.

The war-like of the isles,
  The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
  The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep—
  Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
  Where rest not England's dead.

Felicia Hemans.

LV

THE ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night;
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair Counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Macaulay.

LVI

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;

Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tired too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked—an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I speak like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Lord Macaulay.

LVII

THE TASK

Yes, let us own it in confession free,
That when we girt ourselves to quell the wrong,
We deemed it not so giant-like and strong,
But it with our slight effort thought to see
Pushed from its base; yea, almost deemed that we,
Champions of right, might be excused the price
Of pain, and loss, and large self-sacrifice,
Set ever on high things by Heav'n's decree.
What if this work's great hardness was concealed
From us, until so far upon our way
That no escape remained us, no retreat,—
Lest, being at an earlier hour revealed,
We might have shrunk too weakly from the heat,
And shunned the burden of this fiery day?

Richard Chenevix Trench.

LVIII

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Whom for thy race of heroes wilt thou own,
And, England, who shall be thy joy, thy pride?
As thou art just, oh then not those alone
Who nobly conquering lived, or conquering died.

Then also in thy roll of heroes write,
  For well they earned what best thou canst bestow,
Who being girt and armèd for the fight,
  Yielded their arms, but to no mortal foe.

Far off they pined on fever-stricken coast,
  Or sank in sudden arms of painful death;
And faces which their eyes desired the most,
  They saw not, as they drew their parting breath.

Sad doom, to know a mighty work in hand,
  Which shall from all the ages honour win;
Upon the threshold of this work to stand,
  Arrested there, while others enter in.

And this was theirs; they saw their fellows bound
  To fields of fame which they might never share;
And all the while within their own hearts found
  A strength that was not less, to do and dare:

But knew that never, never with their peers,
  They should salute some grand day's glorious close,
The shout of triumph ringing in their ears,
  The light of battle shining on their brows.

Sad doom;—yet say not Heaven to them assigned
  A lot from all of glory quite estranged:
Albeit the laurel which they hoped to bind
  About their brows for cypress wreath was changed.

Heaven gave to them a glory stern, austere,
  A glory of all earthly glory shorn;
With firm heart to accept fate's gift severe,
  Bravely to bear the thing that must be borne;

To see such visions fade and turn to nought,
  And in this saddest issue to consent;
If only the great work were duly wrought,
  That others should accomplish it, content.

Then as thou wouldst thyself continue great,
  Keep a true eye for what is great indeed;
Nor know it only in its lofty state
  And victor's robes, but in its lowliest weed.

And now, and when this dreadful work is done,
  England, be these too thy delight and pride;
Wear them as near thy heart as any one
  Of all who conquering lived, or conquering died.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

LIX

THE FORCED RECRUIT

(*Solferino,* 1859)

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
  He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
  You honour your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
  He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
  For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
  Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
  Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
  To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
  He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
  He yearned to your patriot bands;—
Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
  If not in your ranks, by your hands!

'Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
  A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
  This badge of the Austrian away!'

So thought he, so died he this morning.
  What then? Many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
  The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

One tricolor floating above them;
  Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
  And blazen the brass with their names.

But he,—without witness or honour,
  Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
  Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
  Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
  His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
  While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
  Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LX

THE ANSWER

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
  Within this region I subsist,
  Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
  That sober-suited Freedom chose,
  The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
  A land of just and old renown,
  Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
  But by degrees to fulness wrought,
  The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
  Opinion, and induce a time
  When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
  The name of Britain trebly great—
  Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
  Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
  And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

Tennyson.

LXI

FREEDOM

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
  The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
  She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
  Self-gather'd in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
  Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
  To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
  The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
  From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
  And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
  The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
  Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
  Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
  The falsehood of extremes!

Tennyson.

LXII

BATTLE SONG

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
  That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
  And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
  He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
  And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

Tennyson.

LXIII

VICTORIA'S REIGN

Her court was pure; her life serene;
    God gave her peace; her land reposed;
    A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

And statesmen at her council met
    Who knew the seasons when to take
    Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
    Which kept her throne unshaken still,
    Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

Tennyson.

LXIV

HANDS ALL ROUND

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest;
That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England drink, my friends,
And all her glorious Empire round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be
True leaders of the land's desire!
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire!
We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

Tennyson.

LXV

BRITONS, HOLD YOUR OWN!

BRITAIN fought her sons of yore—
Britain fail'd; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin,
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone;
Britons, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
'Sons, be wedded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!
Britons, hold your own!'

Tennyson.

LXVI

WELLINGTON AT ST. PAUL'S

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;

His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown,
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
  Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
  In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die.

LXVIII

THE USE OF WAR

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? We
  have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not
  its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
  worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on
  his own hearthstone?

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days
  gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together,
  each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all
  men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges
  the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
  head,
And the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the
  trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor
  for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means
  of life,

His foes were thine; he kept us free; r a
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites, en's
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son, and
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun. ; a

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile, ound
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile, uree-
[illegible] of things that here befall
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home!

Lord Tennyson.

LXIX

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
  Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
  In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

LXX

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

O, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf,
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning.

LXXI

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-West
died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay;
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand and grey;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I
help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning.

LXXII

A SONG OF ENGLAND

THERE'S a land, a dear land, where the rights of the
free,
Though firm as the earth are as wide as the sea;

Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good as a king.
Showery! Flowery!
Tearful! Cheerful!
England, wave-guarded and green to the shore!
West Land! Best Land!
Thy Land! My Land!
Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul,
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole;
Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume,
To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.
Sea Land! Free Land!
Fairest! Rarest!
Home of brave men, and the girls they adore!
Fearless! Peerless!
Thy Land! My Land!
Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!

Charles Mackay.

LXXIII

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me!

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last!

Arthur Hugh Clough.

LXXIV

THE RALLY

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
  The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
  But westward, look, the land is bright!

Arthur Hugh Clough.

LXXV

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-Easter!
  Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
  Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-Easter!
  O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
  From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
  Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
  Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
  Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter,
  Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
  Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
  Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
  Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
  Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
  Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
  Off the curdled sky.
Hark! the brave North-Easter!
  Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
  Over heath and bent!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you?
  Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
  Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
  Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
  O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
  Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
  Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
  Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
  Breeds hard Englishmen.

What's the soft South-Wester?
  'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
  Out of all the seas:
But the black North-Easter,
  Through the snow-storms hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
  Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
  Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
  Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
  Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
  Blow, thou wind of God!

Charles Kingsley.

LXXVI

THE *BIRKENHEAD*

Amid the loud ebriety of War,
With shouts of 'La République' and 'La Gloire,'
The *Vengeur's* crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
Beneath the sea! 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
Now we recount no fable; Europe, hear!
And when they tell thee 'England is a fen
'Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
'Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
'For the first comer,' tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay!

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat
Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,

Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death!

Heroes! Who were those heroes? Veterans steeled
To face the King of Terrors 'mid the scaith
Of many a hurricane and trenchèd field?
Far other: weavers from the stocking-frame;
Boys from the plough; cornets with beardless chin,
But steeped in honour and in discipline!

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,
Disaster, and thy captains held at bay
By naked hordes; but as thou weepest, thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Aboard the *Birkenhead* in Simon's Bay!

Sir Henry Yule.

LXXVII

SCHOOL FENCIBLES

We come in arms, we stand ten score,
Embattled on the Castle green;
We grasp our firelocks tight, for war
Is threatening, and we see our Queen.
And 'Will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews
For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews?'
We ask; we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey,
For the proud wrath that thrills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array.

So great a charm is England's right,
  That hearts enlarged together flow,
And each man rises up a knight
  To work the evil-thinker's woe.
And, girt with ancient truth and grace,
  We do our service and our suit,
And each can be, whate'er his race,
  A Chandos or a Montacute.
Thou, Mistress, whom we serve to-day,
  Bless the real swords that we shall wield,
Repeat the call we now obey
  In sunset lands, on some fair field.
Thy flag shall make some Huron rock
  As dear to us as Windsor's keep,
And arms thy Thames hath nerved shall mock
  The surgings of th' Ontarian deep.
The stately music of thy Guards,
  Which times our march beneath thy ken,
Shall sound, with spells of sacred bards,
  From heart to heart, when we are men.
And when we bleed on alien earth,
  We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
  Amongst thy glowing orange bowers.
And if for England's sake we fall,
  So be it, so thy cross be won,
Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall,
  And worn in death, for duty done.
Ah! thus we fondle Death, the soldier's mate,
  Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all; meanwhile the hidden fate
  Chills not our fancies with the iron truth.
Death from afar we call, and Death is here,
  To choose out him who wears the loftiest mien;
And Grief, the cruel lord who knows no peer,
  Breaks through the shield of love to pierce our Queen.

William Cory.

LXXVIII

A NATIONAL HYMN

To Thee, our God, we fly
  For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
  And hide not Thou Thy face!
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
  Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
  The sins that put to shame!
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

The powers ordained by Thee
  With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
  And rule in righteousness!
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

Though vile and worthless, still,
  Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
  None other have but Thee.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland!

William Walsham How

LXXIX

A NATION'S WEALTH

O England, thou hast many a precious dower;
But of all treasures it is thine to claim,
Prize most the memory of each sainted name,
That in thy realm, in field or hall or bower
Hath wrought high deeds or utter'd words of power—

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Unselfish warrior, without fear or blame—
Statesman, with sleepless watch and steadfast aim
Holding his country's helm in perilous hour—
Poet, whose heart is with us to this day
Embalm'd in song—or Priest, who by the ark
Of faith stood firm in troublous times and dark.
Call them not dead, my England! such as they
Not *were* but *are;* within us each survives,
And lives an endless life in others' lives.

John Kells Ingram.

LXXX

THE MUSTER OF THE GUARDS
(1854)

LYING here awake, I hear the watchman's warning—
'Past four o'clock'—on this February morning;
Hark! what is that?—there swells a joyous shiver
Borne down the wind o'er the voices of the river;
O'er the lordly waters flowing, 'tis the martial trumpets blowing,
'Tis the Grenadier Guards a-going—marching to the war.

Yes—there they go, through the February morning,
To where the engine whistles its shrill and solemn warning;
And the dull hoarse roar of the multitudes that cheer
Falls ever and anon with a faint crash on the ear;
'Mid the tears of wives and mothers, and the prayers of many others,
And the cheers of their brothers, they are marching to the war.

Cheer, boys, cheer! till you crack a thousand throats;
Cheer, boys, cheer! to the merry music's notes;
Let the girls they leave behind them wave handkerchiefs and scarfs,
Let the hearty farewell ring through the echoing streets and wharfs;
Come—volley out your holloas—come, cheer the gallant fellows,
The gallant and good fellows, marching to the war.

Bridge of Waterloo!—let the span of each proud arch
Spring to the feet of the soldiers as they march;
For the last time they went forth, your glorious name was borne
Where the bullets rained like hail among the summer corn:
Ah! we'll not forget too soon the great Eighteenth of June,
While the British Grenadier's tune strikes up gaily for the war.

Bridge of Waterloo!—accept the happy omen,
For the staunchest friends are wrought out of the bravest foemen:
Guards of Waterloo!—the troops whose brunt you bore
Shall stand at your right hand upon the Danube's shore;
And Trafalgar's flags shall ride on the tall masts, side by side,
O'er the Black Sea and the Baltic, to sweep the waves of war.

Die, die away, o'er the bridge and up the street,
Shiver of their music, echo of their feet:
Dawn upon the darkness, chilly day and pale;
Steady rolling engine, flash along the rail;
For the good ship waits in port, with her tackle trim and taut,
And her ready funnels snort, till she bear them to the war.

Far, far away, they are bound across the billow,
Where the Russian sleeps uneasy on his last plundered pillow;
Where the Cross is stained with fraud by the giant evil-doer,
And the pale Crescent shines with a steady light and pure;
And their coats will be dim with dust, and their bayonets brown with rust,
Ere they conquer, as we trust, in the mighty game of war.

Peace, peace, peace, with the vain and silly song,
That we do no sin ourselves, if we wink at others' wrong;
That to turn the second cheek is *the* lesson of the Cross,
To be proved by calculation of the profit and the loss:
Go home, you idle teachers! you miserable creatures!
The cannons are God's preachers, when the time is ripe for war.

Peace is no peace, if it lets the ill grow stronger,
Merely cheating destiny a very little longer;
War, with its agonies, its horrors, and its crimes;
Is cheaper if discounted and taken up betimes:
When the weeds of wrath are rank, you must plough the poisoned bank,
Sow and reap the crop of Peace with the implements of war.

God, defend the right, and those that dare to claim it!
God, cleanse the earth from the many wrongs that shame it!
Give peace in our time, but not the peace of trembling,
Won by true strength, not cowardly dissembling;
Let us see in pride returning, as we send them forth in yearning,
Our Grenadier Guards from earning the trophies of the war.

Sir Franklin Lushington.

LXXXI

ALFRED THE GREAT

THE Isle of Roses in her Lindian shrine,
  Athena's dwelling, gleam'd with golden song
  Of Pindar, set in gold the walls along,
Blazoning the praise of Héraclés divine.
—O Poets, who for us have wrought the mine
  Of old Romance, illusive pearl and gold,
  Its star-fair maids, knights of heroic mould,
Ye lend the rays that on their features shine,

Ideal strength and beauty:—But O thou
Fair Truth!—to thee with deeper faith we bow;
  Knowing thy genuine heroes bring with them
Their more than poetry. From these we learn
What men can be. By their own light they burn
  As in far heavens the Pleiad diadem.

The fair-hair'd boy is at his mother's knee,
  A many-colour'd page before them spread,
  Gay summer harvest-field of gold and red,
With lines and staves of ancient minstrelsy.
But through her eyes alone the child can see,
  From her sweet lips partake the words of song,
  And looks as one who feels a hidden wrong,
Or gazes on some feat of gramarye.

'When thou canst use it, thine the book!' she cried:
He blush'd, and clasp'd it to his breast with pride:—
  'Unkingly task!' his comrades cry; in vain;
All work ennobles nobleness, all art,
He sees; head governs hand; and in his heart
  All knowledge for his province he has ta'en.

Few the bright days, and brief the fruitful rest,
  As summer-clouds that o'er the valley flit:—
  To other tasks his genius he must fit;
The Dane is in the land, uneasy guest!

—O sacred Athelney, from pagan quest
  Secure, sole haven for the faithful boy
Waiting God's issue with heroic joy
And unrelaxing purpose in the breast!

The Dragon and the Raven, inch by inch,
For England fight; nor Dane nor Saxon flinch;
  Then Alfred strikes his blow; the realm is free:—
He, changing at the font his foe to friend,
Yields for the time, to gain the far-off end,
  By moderation doubling victory.

O much-vex'd life, for us too short, too dear!
  The laggard body lame behind the soul;
  Pain, that ne'er marr'd the mind's serene control;
Breathing on earth heaven's æther atmosphere,
God with thee, and the love that casts out fear!
  O soul in life's salt ocean guarding sure
  The freshness of youth's fountain sweet and pure,
And to all natural impulse crystal-clear:—

To service or command, to low and high
Equal at once in magnanimity,
  The Great by right divine thou only art!
Fair star, that crowns the front of England's morn,
Royal with Nature's royalty inborn,
  And English to the very heart of heart!

Francis Turner Palgrave.

LXXXII

TRAFALGAR

Heard ye the thunder of battle
  Low in the South and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
  Crimson o'er Trafalgar?
Such another day never
  England will look on again,
When the battle fought was the hottest,
  And the hero of heroes was slain!

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were gather'd for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in might:—
And the sails were aloft once more in the deep Gaditanian bay,
Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great *Trinidada* lay;

Eager-reluctant to close; for across the bloodshed to be
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the throne of the sea!
Which were bravest, who should tell? for both were gallant and true;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sail'd o'er the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied: they knew not Nelson was there;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of despair;
'Twixt Algeziras and Aquamonte he guarded the coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south; and they now must fight or be lost;—
Vainly they steered for the Rock and the mid-land sheltering sea,
For he headed the Admirals round, constraining them under his lee,
Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain; so they shifted their ground,
They could choose,—they were more than we;—and they faced at Trafalgar round;
Rampart-like ranged in line, a sea-fortress angrily towered!
In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark *Trinidada* lower'd.

So with those—But, meanwhile, as against some dyke that men massively rear,
From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the dyke as a spear,

Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets his double array,
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe any way, . . .
'Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his Frenchman may grapple perforce;
Collingwood first' (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit slacken'd her course)
'Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet not again!'
—Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er the main,
And on,—as the message from masthead to masthead flew out like a flame,
ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,—they came.

—Silent they come:—While the thirty black forts of the foeman's array
Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking o'er tier as they lay;
Flashes that thrust and drew in, as swords when the battle is rife;—
But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as for life.
—O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter embrace,
Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England; some glance of some face!
—Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt shore;
Faces that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death pang is o'er . . .
Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all his great heart
As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one, who bade him depart
. . . O not for death, but glory! her smile would welcome him home!
—Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall:—and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom hunters attack,
Plagued by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them back;
So between Spaniard and Frenchman the *Victory* wedged with a shout,
Gun against gun; a cloud from her decks and lightning went out;
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke;
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten around,
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shatter'd, besplinters the ground:—
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay;
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson that day.

'She has struck!'—he shouted—'She burns, the *Redoubtable!* Save whom we can;
'Silence our guns:'—for in him the woman was great in the man,
In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,
Dying by those he spared;—and now Death's triumph was sure!
From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the foe set his rifle in rest,
Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with the stars on his breast,—
'In honour I gained them, in honour I die with them!' . . . Then, in his place,
Fell . . . 'Hardy! 'tis over; but let them not know:' and he cover'd his face.
Silent the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight below:
And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose: and for Hardy, the faithful, he cried in his pain,—
'How goes the day with us, Hardy?' . . .
'Tis ours':—
Then he knew, not in vain
Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled: how he left her secure,
Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.
O, like a lover he loved her! for her as water he pours
Life-blood and life and love, lavish'd all for her sake, and for ours!
—'Kiss me, Hardy!—Thank God!—I have done my duty!'—and then
Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a Nation
Groan, for her saviour is gone;
Gallant and true and tender,
Child and chieftain in one?
Such another day never
England will weep for again,
When the triumph darkened the triumph,
And the hero of heroes was slain.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

LXXXIII

A SEA ADVENTURE

'How many?' said our good captain,
'Twenty sail and more!'
We were homeward bound,
Scudding in a gale with our jib towards the Nore;—
Right athwart our tack,
The foe came thick and black,
Like hell-birds and foul weather—you might count them by the score!

The *Betsy Jane* did slack
To see the game in view;
They knew the Union Jack,
And the tyrant's flag we knew.
Our captain shouted, 'Clear the decks!' and the bo'sun's whistle blew.

Then our gallant captain,
With his hand he seized the wheel,
And pointed with his stump to the middle of the foe,—
'Hurrah, lads, in we go!'
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft!)

'There are twenty sail,' sang he,
'But little *Betsy Jane* bobs to nothing on the sea!'
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft!)

'See yon ugly craft
With the pennon at her main!
Hurrah, my merry boys,
There goes the *Betsy Jane!*'
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft!)

The foe, he beats to quarters, and the Russian bugles sound;
And the little *Betsy Jane* she leaps upon the sea.
'Port and starboard!' cried our captain;
'Pay it in, my hearts!' sang he.

'We're old England's sons,
And we'll fight for her to-day!'
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft!)
'Fire away!'

In she runs,
And her guns
Thunder round.

Sydney Dobell.

LXXXIV

W A R

THEY say that 'war is hell,' the 'great accursed,'
  The sin impossible to be forgiven;
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
  And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
  Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
  Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
  Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of man
  Victorious over death,

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
  Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
  The bright and morning star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
  Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
  The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
  Have won a fiery and unequal fray,—
No infantry has ever done such deed
  Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell
  Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,—
The gallant Private learns to practise well
  His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
  A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
  Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
  The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
  The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,
  The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,
The *Ama Nesciri*[1] of some grim and grey
  À Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
  The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
  The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
  Taking their path of duty higher and higher,
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned
  In that baptismal fire?

Not that the only end beneath the sun
  Is to make every sea a trading lake,
And all our splendid English history one
  Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week—
  Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
  Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—
  Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveillé and no morning gun
  Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
  Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
  Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,
  And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
And to them came a great presentiment
  Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames
  At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
  God's pictures in the skies.

William Alexander.

[1] The heading of a remarkable chapter in the *De Imitatione Christi*.

LXXXV

THE LESSON OF THE WAR

The feast is spread through England
  For rich and poor to-day;
Greetings and laughter may be there,
  But thoughts are far away;
Over the stormy ocean,
  Over the dreary track,
Where some are gone, whom England
  Will never welcome back.

Breathless she waits, and listens
  For every eastern breeze
That bears upon its bloody wings
  News from beyond the seas.
The leafless branches stirring
  Make many a watcher start;
The distant tramp of steeds may send
  A throb from heart to heart.

The rulers of the nation,
  The poor ones at their gate,
With the same eager wonder
  The same great news await.
The poor man's stay and comfort,
  The rich man's joy and pride,
Upon the bleak Crimean shore
  Are fighting side by side.

The bullet comes—and either
  A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
  The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
  Thrills nobles' hearts with fear—
Yet above selfish sorrow
  Both hold their country dear.

The rich man who reposes
  In his ancestral shade,
The peasant at his ploughshare,
  The worker at his trade,

Each one his all has perilled,
  Each has the same great stake,
Each soul can but have patience,
  Each heart can only break!

Hushed is all party clamour;
  One thought in every heart,
One dread in every household,
  Has bid such strife depart.
England has called her children;
  Long silent—the word came
That lit the smouldering ashes
  Through all the land to flame.

O you who toil and suffer,
  You gladly heard the call;
But those you sometimes envy
  Have they not given their all?
O you who rule the nation,
  Take now the toil-worn hand—
Brothers you are in sorrow,
  In duty to your land.
Learn but this noble lesson
  Ere Peace returns again,
And the life-blood of Old England
  Will not be shed in vain.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

LXXXVI

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT

Our second Richard Lion-Heart
  In days of great Queen Bess,
He did this deed, he played this part,
  With true old nobleness,
And wrath heroic that was nursed
To bear the fiercest battle-burst,
When maddened foes should wreak their worst.

Signalled the English Admiral,
  'Weigh or cut anchors.' For
A Spanish fleet bore down, in all
  The majesty of war,
Athwart our tack for many a mile,
As there we lay off Florez Isle,
With crews half sick, all tired of toil.

Eleven of our twelve ships escaped;
  Sir Richard stood alone!
Though they were three-and-fifty sail—
  A hundred men to one—
The old Sea-Rover would not run,
So long as he had man or gun;
But he could die when all was done.

'The Devil's broken loose, my lads,
  In shape of popish Spain:
And we must sink him in the sea,
  Or hound him home again.
Now, you old sea-dogs, show your paws!
Have at them tooth and nail and claws!'
And then his long, bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared, the boatswain blew;
  The grim sea-lions stand;
The death-fires lit in every eye,
  The burning match in hand.
With mail of glorious intent
All hearts were clad; and in they went,
A force that cut through where 'twas sent.

'Push home, my hardy pikemen,
  For we play a desperate part;
To-day, my gunners, let them feel
  The pulse of England's heart!
They shall remember long that we
Once lived; and think how shamefully
We shook them—One to fifty-three!'

With face of one who cheerily goes
  To meet his doom that day,
Sir Richard sprang upon his foes;
  The foremost gave him way;

His round shot smashed them through and through,
At every flash white splinters flew,
And madder grew his fighting few.

They clasp the little ship *Revenge*,
  As in the arms of fire;
They run aboard her, six at once;
  Hearts beat, hot guns leap higher;—
Through bloody gaps the boarders swarm,
But still our English stay the storm,
The bulwark in their breast is firm.

Ship after ship, like broken waves
  That wash upon a rock,
Those mighty galleons fall back foiled,
  And shattered from the shock.
With fire she answers all their blows;
Again—again in pieces strows
The girdle round her as they close.

Through all that night the great white storm
  Of worlds in silence rolled;
Sirius with green-azure sparkle,
  Mars in ruddy gold.
Heaven looked with stillness terrible
Down on a fight most fierce and fell—
A sea transfigured into hell!

Some know not they are wounded till
  'Tis slippery where they stand;
Then each one tighter grips his steel,
  As 'twere salvation's hand.
Grim faces glow through lurid night
With sweat of spirit shining bright:
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At day-break the flame picture fades
  In blackness and in blood;
There, after fifteen hours of fight,
  The unconquered Sea-King stood
Defying all the power of Spain:
Fifteen armadas hurled in vain,
And fifteen hundred foemen slain!

About that little bark *Revenge*,
  The baffled Spaniards ride
At distance. Two of their good ships
  Were sunken at her side;
The rest lie round her in a ring,
As, round the dying forest-king
The dogs afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes all broken, powder spent,
  Sails, masts to shivers blown;
And with her dead and wounded crew
  The ship was settling down.
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep,
Then cried he, with a proud, pale lip,
'Ho, Master Gunner, sink the ship!'

'Make ready now, my mariners,
  To go aloft with me,
That nothing to the Spaniard
  May remain of victory.
They cannot take us, nor we yield;
So let us leave our battle-field,
Under the shelter of God's shield.'

They had not heart to dare fulfil
  The stern commander's word:
With swelling hearts and welling eyes,
  They carried him aboard
The Spaniards' ship; and round him stand
The warriors of his wasted band:
Then said he, feeling death at hand,

'Here die I, Richard Grenville,
  With a joyful and quiet mind;
I reach a soldier's end, I leave
  A soldier's fame behind.
Who for his Queen and country fought,
For Honour and Religion wrought,
And died as a true soldier ought.'

Earth never returned a worthier trust
  For hand of Heaven to take,
Since Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
  Was cast into the lake,

And the King's grievous wounds were dressed,
And healed, by weeping Queens, who blessed,
And bore him to a valley of rest.

Old heroes who could grandly do,
As they could greatly dare,
A vesture very glorious
Their shining spirits wear
Of noble deeds! God give us grace,
That we may see such face to face,
In our great day that comes apace!

Gerald Massey.

LXXXVII

LAND, HO!

I KNOW 'tis but a loom of land,
Yet is it land, and so I will rejoice,
I know I cannot hear His voice
Upon the shore, nor see Him stand;
Yet is it land, ho! land.

The land! the land! the lovely land!
'Far off' dost say? *Far off*—ah, blessed home!
Farewell! farewell! thou salt sea-foam!
Ah, keel upon the silver sand—
Land, ho! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,
You cannot see, and yet the land is there—
My land, my land, through murky air—
I did not say 'twas close at hand—
But—land, ho! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,
Dost hear the kine, dost hear the merry birds?
No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,
No tongue that thou may'st understand—
Yet is it land, ho! land.

It's clad in purple mist, my land,
In regal robe it is apparelléd,
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land, ho! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land?
My land is not a land as others are,—
Upon its crest there beams a star,
And lilies grow upon the strand—
Land, ho! land.

Give me the helm! there is the land!
Ha! lusty mariners, she takes the breeze!
And what my spirit sees it sees—
Leap, bark, as leaps the thunderbrand—
Land, ho! land.

Thomas Edward Brown.

LXXXVIII

THE *GEORGE* OF LOOE

O, 'twas merry down to Looe when the news was carried through
That the *George* would put to sea all with the morning tide;
And all her jolly crew hurrah'd till they were blue
When the captain said, 'My lads, we'll tan the Frenchman's hide!'

For Captain Davy Dann was a famous fightin' man,
Who lov'd the smell o' powder and the thunder o' the guns,
And off the coast of France often made the Frenchmen dance
To the music from his sloop of only ninety tons.

So at the break o' day there were hundreds on the quay
To see the gallant ship a-warping out to sea;
And the Mayor, Daniel Chubb, was hoisted on a tub,
And he cried, 'Good luck to Dann, with a three times three!'

For the news that came from Fowey was that ev'ry man and boy
And all the gallants there were expecting of a ship.
And the lively lads o' Looe, they thought they'd watch her too,
Lest the Frenchman showed his heels and gave 'em all the slip.

So along by Talland Bay the good ship sailed away,
And the boats were out at Polperro to see what they could see;
And old Dann, he cried, 'Ahoy! you'd better come to Fowey,
And help to blow the Mounseers to the bottom of the sea!'

Now, 'twas almost set o' sun, and the day was almost done,
When we sighted of a frigate beating up against the wind;
And we put on all our sail till we came within her hail,
And old Dann politely asked, 'Will you follow us behind?'

But the Frenchmen fore and aft only stood and grinned and laughed,
And never guessed the captain was in earnest, don't you see?
For we'd only half her guns, and were only ninety tons,
And they thought they'd blow us easy to the bottom o' the sea.

But our brave old Captain Dann—oh, he was a proper man!—
Sang out with voice like thunder unto ev'ry man aboard:
'Now all you men of Looe just show what you can do,
And we'll board her, and we'll take her, by the help o' the Lord!'

Then up her sides we swarm'd, and along her deck we storm'd,
And sword and pike were busy for the space of half an hour;
But before the day was done, tho' they number'd two to one,
Her commander had to yield, and his flag to lower.

Then we turn'd our ship about, and while the stars came out
We tow'd our prize right cheerily past Fowey and Polperro;

And we blest old Captain Dann, for we hadn't lost
a man,
And our wounded all were doing well a-down
below.

And when we came to Looe, all the town was there
to view,
And the mayor in his chain and gown he cried
out lustily,
'Nine cheers for Captain Dann, and three for every
man,
And the good ship *George* that carried them to
victory!'

Benn Wilkes Jones Trevaldwyn.

LXXXIX

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

(*June* 26, 1857)

To-DAY the people gather from the streets,
To-day the soldiers muster near and far;
Peace, with a glad look and a grateful, meets
Her rugged brother War.

To-day the Queen of all the English land,
She who sits high o'er Kaisers and o'er Kings,
Gives with her royal hand—th' Imperial hand
Whose grasp the earth enrings—

Her Cross of Valour to the worthiest;
No golden toy with milky pearl besprent,
But simple bronze, and for a warrior's breast
A fair, fit ornament.

And richer than red gold that dull bronze seems,
Since it was bought with lavish waste and worth
Whereto the wealth of earth's gold-sanded streams
Were but a lack, and dearth.

Muscovite metal makes this English Cross,
Won in a rain of blood and wreath of flame;
The guns that thundered for their brave lives' loss
Are worn hence, for their fame!

Ay, listen! all ye maidens laughing-eyed,
  And all ye English mothers, be aware!
Those who shall pass before ye at noontide
  Your friends and champions are.

The men of all the army and the fleet,
  The very bravest of the very brave,
Linesman and Lord, these fought with equal feet,
  Firm-planted on their grave.

The men who, setting light their blood and breath
  So they might win a victor's haught renown,
Held their steel straight against the face of Death,
  And frowned his frowning down.

And some that grasped the bomb, all fury-fraught,
  And hurled it far, to spend its spite away—
Between the rescue and the risk no thought—
  Shall pass our Queen this day.

And some who climbed the deadly glacis-side,
  For all that steel could stay, or savage shell;
And some whose blood upon the Colours dried
  Tells if they bore them well.

Some, too, who, gentle-hearted even in strife,
  Seeing their fellow or their friend go down,
Saved his, at peril of their own dear life,
  Winning the Civil Crown.

Well done for them; and, fair Isle, well for thee!
  While that thy bosom beareth sons like those;
'This precious stone set in the silver sea'
  Shall never fear her foes!

Sir Edwin Arnold.

XC

ABROAD

Forests that beard the avalanche,
  Levels, empurpled slopes of vine,
Wrecks, sadly gay with flower and branch,
  I love you, but you are not mine!

The sweet domestic sanctity
  Fades in the fiery sun, like dew;
My Love beheld and passed you by,
  My fathers shed no blood for you.

Pause, rambling clouds, while fancy fain
  Your white similitude doth trace
To England's cliffs, so may your rain
  Fall blissful on your native place!

Richard Garnett.

XCI

THE ENGLISH GIRL

A WONDERFUL joy our eyes to bless
In her magnificent comeliness,
Is an English girl of eleven stone two,
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe!
  She follows the hounds, and on she pounds—
    The 'field' tails off and the muffs diminish—
  Over the hedges and brooks she bounds
    Straight as a crow from find to finish.
  At cricket, her kin will lose or win—
    She and her maids, on grass and clover,
  Eleven maids out—eleven maids in—
    (And perhaps an occasional 'maiden over').

Go search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me
There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

With a ten-mile spin she stretches her limbs,
She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims—
She plays, she sings, she dances, too,
From ten or eleven till all is blue!
  At ball or drum, till small hours come
    (Chaperon's fan conceals her yawning),
  She'll waltz away like a teetotum,
    And never go home till daylight's dawning.

Lawn tennis may share her favours fair—
Her eyes a-dance and her cheeks a-glowing—
Down comes her hair, but what does she care?
It's all her own, and it's worth the showing!

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock-modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
For body and mind are hale and healthy.
Her eyes they thrill with a right good will—
Her heart is light as a floating feather—
As pure and bright as the mountain rill
That leaps and laughs in the Highland heather.

Go search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me
There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

William Schwenk Gilbert.

XCII

THE BREATH OF AVON

TO ENGLISH-SPEAKING PILGRIMS ON SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

I

WHATE'ER of woe the Dark may hide in womb
For England, mother of kings of battle and song—
Rapine, or racial hate's mysterious wrong,
Blizzard of Chance, or fiery dart of Doom—
Let breath of Avon, rich of meadow-bloom,
Bind her to that great daughter sever'd long—
To near and far-off children young and strong—
With fetters woven of Avon's flower perfume.

Welcome, ye English-speaking pilgrims, ye
Whose hands around the world are join'd by him,
Who make his speech the language of the sea,
Till winds of ocean waft from rim to rim
The Breath of Avon: let this great day be
A Feast of Race no power shall ever dim.

II

From where the steeds of earth's twin oceans toss
Their manes along Columbia's chariot-way;
From where Australia's long blue billows play;
From where the morn, quenching the Southern Cross,
Startling the frigate-bird and albatross
Asleep in air, breaks over Table Bay—
Come hither, pilgrims, where these rushes sway
'Tween grassy banks of Avon soft as moss!
For, if ye found the breath of ocean sweet,
Sweeter is Avon's earthy, flowery smell,
Distill'd from roots that feel the coming spell
Of May, who bids all flowers that lov'd him meet
In meadows that, remembering Shakespeare's feet,
Hold still a dream of music where they fell.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

XCIII

ENGLAND STANDS ALONE

('ENGLAND STANDS ALONE—WITHOUT AN ALLY.'
— *A Continental Newspaper*)

'SHE stands alone: ally nor friend has she,'
Saith Europe of our England—her who bore
Drake, Blake, and Nelson—Warrior-Queen who wore
Light's conquering glaive that strikes the conquered free.
Alone!—From Canada comes o'er the sea,
And from that English coast with coral shore,
The old-world cry Europe hath heard of yore
From Dover cliffs: 'Ready, aye ready we!'

'Europe,' saith England, 'hath forgot my boys!—
Forgot how tall, in yonder golden zone
'Neath Austral skies, my youngest born have grown
(Bearers of bayonets now and swords for toys)—
Forgot 'mid boltless thunder—harmless noise—
The sons with whom old England 'stands alone!'

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

XCIV

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate
girdle enrings thee round,
Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place
of thy foemen found?
Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them
stricken, acclaims thee crowned.
Times may change, and the skies grow strange with
signs of treason, and fraud, and fear:
Foes in union of strange communion may rise against
thee from far and near:
Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers
waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should
league and lie and defame and smite,
We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred
burns of the sons of night,
We that love thee, behold above thee the witness
written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that
none may read not but eyeless foes:
Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful
now but as madness grows:
Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy glory,
beholds and glows.
Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie,
forsaking the face of truth:
Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born
again from thy deathless youth:
Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert
thou the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to
sting thee at heel in vain:
Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn
and murmur and plead and plain:
Thou art thou: and thy sunbright brow is hers
that blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in
place of thee England's place:
Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of
record, so clothed with grace:
Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as
strong or as fair of face.
How shall thou be abased? or how shall fear take
hold of thy heart? of thine,
England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life
and with hopes divine?
Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold
not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by
grace of thy glory, free,
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope
to serve as he worships thee;
None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats
down our songs as it hails the sea.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

XCV

A JACOBITE'S EXILE

(1746)

THE weary day rins down and dies,
The weary night wears through:
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,
I would the night were day:
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,
As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
  And loud the dark Durance:
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
  Than a' the fields of France;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
  Gleam goodlier where they glance.

O weel were they that fell fighting
  On dark Drumossie's day:
They keep their hame ayont the faem
  And we die far away.

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
  But night and day wake we;
And ever between the sea-banks green
  Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
  But sweet and fast sleep they;
And the mool that haps them roun' and laps them
  Is e'en their country's clay;
But the land we tread that are not dead
  Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
  Though fair as dawn it be:
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
  Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
  The fields are green and gold:
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
  As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
  And ours are over sea:
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
  It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
  To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
  And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
  Can die, and cannot change.

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,
  Though sair be they to dree:
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
  Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
  And ill the weary day:
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,
  A waefu' gift gie they;
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they bring us,
  The morn blaws all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
  The burn rins blithe and fain:
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
  To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide:
  There sounds nae hunting-horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
  Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,
  The bents and braes give ear;
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
  I may not see nor hear;
For far and far thae blithe burns are,
  And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,
  The loud wind there lives free:
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blaws by me
  That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,
  Afar ayont the faem,
Cauld and dead in the sweet, saft bed
  That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
  And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
  And the goodly towers thereby;
And none shall know but the winds that blow
  The graves wherein we lie.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

XCVI

NEW YEAR'S DAY

NEW Year, be good to England. Bid her name
  Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea:
  Make strong her soul: set all her spirit free:
Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame
More strong than iron and more keen than flame:
  Seal up their lips for shame's sake: so shall she
  Who was the light that lightened freedom be,
For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same.

O last-born child of Time, earth's eldest lord,
  God undiscrowned of godhead, who for man
  Begets all good and evil things that live,
Do thou, his new-begotten son, implored
  Of hearts that hope and fear not, make thy span
  Bright with such light as history bids thee give.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

XCVII

TO WILLIAM MORRIS

TRUTH, winged and enkindled with rapture
  And sense of the radiance of yore,
Fulfilled you with power to recapture
  What never might singer before—
The life, the delight, and the sorrow
  Of troublous and chivalrous years
That knew not of night or of morrow,
    Of hopes or of fears.

But wider the wing and the vision
  That quicken the spirit have spread
Since memory beheld with derision
  Man's hope to be more than his dead.
From the mists and the snows and the thunders
  Your spirit has brought for us forth
Light, music, and joy in the wonders
    And charms of the North.

The wars and the woes and the glories
  That quicken and lighten and rain
From the clouds of its chronicled stories,
  The passion, the pride, and the pain,
Where echoes were mute and the token
  Was lost of the spells that they spake,
Rise bright at your bidding, unbroken
    Of ages that break.

For you, and for none of us other,
  Time is not: the dead that must live
Hold commune with you as a brother
  By grace of the life that you give.
The heart that was in them is in you,
  Their soul in your spirit endures:
The strength of their song is the sinew
    Of this that is yours.

Hence is it that life, everlasting
  As light and as music, abides
In the sound of the surge of it, casting
  Sound back to the surge of the tides,
Till sons of the sons of the Norsemen
  Watch, hurtling to windward and lea,
Round England, unbacked of her horsemen,
    The steeds of the sea.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

XCVIII

THE GOING OF THE BATTERY

RAIN came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly
  Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily!—
  Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

Great guns were gleaming there — living things seeming there—
  Cloaked in their tar cloths, upnosed to the night:
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
  Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Lamplight all drearily, blinking and blearily
  Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them
  Not to court peril that honour could miss.

Sharp were those sighs of ours, blinded those eyes of ours,
  When at last moved away under the arch
All we loved. Aid for them each woman prayed for them
  Treading back slowly the track of their march.

Someone said 'Nevermore will they come! Evermore
  Are they now lost to us!' Oh, it was wrong!
Though may be hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—
  Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.

Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,
  Hint, in the night-time, when life-beats are low,
Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things—
  Wait we—in trust—what Time's fullness shall show.

Thomas Hardy.

XCIX

BALLAD OF THE ARMADA

KING Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And scatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that his Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

ENVOY

GLORIANA!—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain?

Austin Dobson.

C

RANK AND FILE

O UNDISTINGUISHED Dead!
Whom the bent covers, or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn—I weep,
O undistinguished Dead!

None knows your name.
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle's brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front:—
This is your fame!

Austin Dobson.

CI

THE FAIR BRASS

AN effigy of brass
Trodden by careless feet
Of worshippers that pass,
Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
Of this old church unwreckt,
And still from modern style
Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior arm'd:
Across his iron breast
His hands by death are charmed
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well.

Would we could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb:

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair,

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built.

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name

Across the deathful days,
Link'd in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

Robert Bridges.

CII

THE GENTLE

We come from tower and grange,
Where the grey woodlands range,
Folding chivalric halls in ancient ease;
From Erin's rain-wet rocks,
Or where the ocean-shocks
Thunder between the glimmering Hebrides;
And many-spired cities grave,
With terraced riverain hoar lapped by the storied wave.

Taught in proud England's school,
Her honour's knightly rule,
To do and dare and bear and not to lie,
With priest's or scholar's lore
Or statesman's subtle store
Of garnered wisdom, proved in councils high,
We serve her bidding here, or far
Shepherd the imperial flock under an alien star.

Leechcraft of heaven or earth
We bear to scanted hearth
And lightless doorway and dim beds of pain:
With master-craft we steer
Dusk labour's march, and cheer
His blind innumerable-handed train;
Or in the cannon-shaken air
Frankly the gentle die that simple men may dare.

The Asian moonbeams fall
O'er our boys' graves, and all
The o'er-watching hills are names of their young glory:
Sleep the blithe swordsman hands
Beside red Ethiop sands,
Or drear uprise of wintry promontory:
The headstone of a hero slain
Charms for his Empress-Isle each threshold of her reign.

O for the blood that fell
So gladly given and well,
O for all spirits that lived for England's honour,
Ere folly ruin or fear
Her whom these held so dear,
Ere fate or treason shame the crown upon her,
Rise, brothers of her knightly roll,
Close fast our order's ranks and guard great England whole!

John Huntley Skrine.

CIII

THE MOTHER AND THE SONS

Sons in my gates of the West,
Where the long tides foam in the dark of the pine,
And the cornlands crowd to the dim sky-line,
And wide as the air are the meadows of kine,
What cheer from my gates of the West?

'Peace in thy gates of the West,
England our mother, and rest,
In our sounding channels and headlands frore
The hot Norse blood of the northern hoar
Is lord of the wave as the lords of yore,
Guarding thy gates of the West.

But thou, O mother, be strong
In thy seas for a girdle of towers,
Holding thine own from wrong,
Thine own that is ours.
Till the sons that are bone of thy bone,
Till the brood of the lion upgrown
In a day not long,
Shall war for our England's own,
For the pride of the ocean throne,
Be strong, O mother, be strong!'

Sons in my gates of the morn,
That steward the measureless harvest gold
And temples and towers of the Orient old
From the seas of the palm to Himálya cold,
What cheer in my gates of the morn?

'Fair as our India's morn
Thy peace, as a sunrise, is born.
Where thy banner is broad in the Orient light
There is law from the seas to Himálya's height,
For the banner of might is the banner of right.
Good cheer in thy gates of the morn.'

From the Isles of the South what word?
True South! long ago, when I called not, it came,
And 'England's are ours' ran the war-word aflame,
'And a thousand will bleed ere the mother have shame!'
From my sons of the South what word?

'Mother, what need of a word
For the love that outspake with the sword?
In the day of thy storm, in the clash of the powers,
When thy children close round thee grown great with the hours,
They shall know who have wronged thee if 'England's be ours.'
We bring thee a deed for a word.

But thou, O mother, be strong,
In thy seas for a girdle of towers,
Holding thine own from wrong,
Thine own that is ours.
Till the sons that are bone of thy bone,
Till the brood of the lion upgrown
In a day not long,
Shall war for our England's own,
For the pride of the ocean throne,
Be strong, O mother, be strong!'

John Huntley Skrine.

CIV

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
  England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
  England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
  To the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
  England, my England:—
'Take us and break us: we are yours,
  England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
  To the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  To the stars on your bugles blown!'

They call you proud and hard,
  England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
  England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
  Were the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
  England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
  England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
  In the Song on your bugles blown,
    England—
  Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

William Ernest Henley.

CV

A SONG OF THE SEA

FREE as the wind that leaps from out the North,
When storms are hurrying forth,
Up-springs the voice of England, trumpet-clear,
Which all the world shall hear,
As one may hear God's thunder over-head,—
A voice that echoes through the sunset red,
And through the fiery portals of the morn
Where, day by day, the golden hours are born,—
A voice to urge the strengthening of the bands
That bind our Empire Lands
With such a love as none shall put to scorn!

They little know our England who deny
The claim we have, from zone to furthest zone,
To belt the beauteous earth,
And treat the clamorous ocean as our own
In all the measuring of its monstrous girth.
The tempest calls to us, and we reply;
And not, as cowards do, in under-tone!
The sun that sets for others sets no more
On Britain's world-wide shore
Which all the tides of all the seas have known.

We have no lust of strife:
We seek no vile dissension for base ends;
Freedom and fame and England are old friends.
Yet, if our foes desire it, let them come,
Whate'er their numbers be!
They know the road to England, mile by mile,
And they shall learn, full soon, that strength nor guile
Will much avail them in an English sea;
We will not hurl them backward to the waves,—
We'll give them graves!

'Tis much to be so honoured in the main,
And feel no further stain
Than one's own blood outpoured in lieu of wine.
'Tis much to die in England, and for this
To win the sabre-kiss
Of some true man who deems his cause divine,
And loves his country well.
A foe may calmly dwell
In our sweet soil with daisies for his quilt,—
Their snows to hide his guilt,
And earth's good warmth about him where he lies
Beyond the burden of all battle-cries,
And made half-English by his resting-place :—
God give him grace!

We love the sea,—the loud, the leaping sea,—
The rush and roar of waters—the thick foam,—
The sea-bird's sudden cry,—
The gale that bends the lithe and towering masts
Of good ships bounding home,
That spread to the great sky
Exultant flags unmatched in their degree!
And 'tis a joy that lasts,
A joy that thrills the Briton to the soul
Who knows the nearest goal
To all he asks of fortune and of fame,
From dusk to dawn and dawn to sunset-flame.
He knows that he is free,
With all the freedom of the waves and winds
That have the storm in fee.

And this our glory still :—to bear the palm
In all true enterprise,
And everywhere, in tempest and in calm,
To front the future with unfearing eyes,
And sway the seas where our advancement lies,
With Freedom's flag uplifted, and unfurled;
And this our rallying-cry, whate'er befall,
Goodwill to men, and peace throughout the world,
But England,—England,—England over all!

Eric Mackay.

CVI

THE BALLAD OF THE RAM

WHO 'as 'eard the Ram a-callin' on the green fields o' the sea,
Let 'em wander east or west an' mighty fast:
For it's bad to 'ear the Ram when he's up an' runnin' free
With the angry bit o' ribbon at the mast.

It's rush an' surge an' dash when the Ram is on the leap,
But smash an' crash for them as stops the way:
The biggest ship goes down right there that ain't got sense to keep
The shore-walk o' the werry nearest bay.

For Frenchy ships, an' German too, an' Russian, you may bet,
It's safer for to land an' 'ome by tram,
Than out to come an' gallivant an' risk the kind o' wet
That follers runnin' counter to a Ram.

For when the *Terror* lifts 'is 'ead an' goes for wot is near,
I'm sorry for them ships wot sails so free:
It's best to up an' elsewhere, an' be werry far from 'ere,
When Rams 'ave took to bleatin' on the sea!

William Sharp.

CVII

SPRING THOUGHTS

MY England, island England, such leagues and leagues away,
It's years since I was with thee, when April wanes to May.

Years since I saw the primrose, and watched the brown hillside
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush like April's bride;

Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught the throbbing note
Which all the soul of springtide sends through the blackbird's throat.

O England, island England, if it has been my lot
To live long years in alien lands, with men who love thee not,

I do but love thee better who know each wind that blows,
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind that buds the rose,

The wind that shakes the taper mast and keeps the topsail furled,
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle with the world:

I love thy moss-deep grasses, thy great untortured trees,
The cliffs that wall thy havens, the weed-scents of thy seas.

The dreamy river reaches, the quiet English homes,
The milky path of sorrel down which the springtide comes.

Oh land so loved through length of years, so tended and caressed,
The land that never stranger wronged nor foeman dared to waste,

Remember those thou speedest forth round all the world to be
Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on the sea!

And keep for those who leave thee and find no better
place,
The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged mother
face! *Sir Rennell Rodd.*

CVIII

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

SHE stands, a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.
William Watson.

CIX

THE SONG OF THE BOW

WHAT of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
  The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
  A cord that bow-men love;
    And so we will sing
    Of the hempen string
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
  The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
  Barbed and trim and true;
    So we'll drink all together
    To the grey goose-feather
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark?
  Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark,
  Is waiting over-sea.
    When the strings harp in chorus,
    And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?
  The men were bred in England;
The bow-men—the yeomen,
  The lads of dale and fell.
    Here's to you—and to you!
    To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell!

Arthur Conan Doyle.

CX

A BALLAD OF THE RANKS

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
  He comes of a soldier breed.

So drink together to rock and heather,
  Out where the red deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland's pride—
  The man who carries the gun!

For the Colonel rides before,
  The Major's on the flank,
The Captains and the Adjutant
  Are in the foremost rank.
But when it's 'Action front!'
  And there's fighting to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
  By the man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from a Yorkshire dale.
Then let him go, for well we know
  The heart that never will fail.
Here's to the fire of Lancashire,
  And here's to her soldier son!
For the hard-bit North has sent him forth—
  The lad who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from a Midland shire.
Then let him go, for well we know
  He comes of an English sire.
Here's a glass to a Midland lass
  And each can choose the one,
But East and West we claim the best
  For the man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from the hills of Wales.
Then let him go, for well we know
  That Taffy is hard as nails.
There are several ll's in the place where he dwells,
  And of w's more than one,
With a 'Llan' and a 'pen,' but it breeds good men
  And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from the windy West.

Then let him go, for well we know
  That he is one of the best.
There's Bristol rough, and Gloucester tough,
  And Devon yields to none.
Or you may get in Somerset
  Your lad to carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from London town.
Then let him go, for well we know
  The stuff that never backs down.
He has learned to joke at the powder smoke,
  For he is the fog-smoke's sun,
And his heart is light, and his pluck is right—
  The man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from the Emerald Isle.
Then let him go, for well we know
  We've tried him many a while.
We've tried him East, we've tried him West,
  We've tried him sea and land,
But the man to beat old Erin's best
  Has never yet been planned.

Who carries the gun?
  It's you, and you, and you;
So let us go, and we won't say no
  If they give us a job to do.
Here we stand with a cross-linked hand,
  Comrades every one;
So one last cup, and drink it up
  To the man who carries the gun?

For the Colonel rides before,
  The Major's on the flank,
The Captains and the Adjutant
  Are in the foremost rank.
And when it's 'Action front!'
  And there's fighting to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
  By the man who carries the gun.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

CXI

OUR DEAD

SYE, do yer 'ear thet bugle callin'
  Sutthink stringe through the city's din?
Do yer shut yer eyes when the evenin' 's fallin',
  An' see quite plain wheer they're fallin' in?
An' theer ain't no sarnd as they falls in,
  An' they mawch quick step with a silent tread
Through all ar 'earts, through all ar 'earts,
  The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

A woman's son, and a woman's lover—
  Yer'd think as nobody 'eld 'im dear,
As 'e stands, a clear mawk, art o' cover,
  An' leads the rush when the end is near;
One more ridge and the end is near,
  One more step an' the bullet's sped.
My God, but they're well-officered,
  The Comp'ny of ar Dead!

Never they'll 'ear the crard a-cheerin',
  These 'ull never come beck agine;
Theer welkim 'ome is beyond our 'earin',
  But theer nimes is writ, an' theer nimes remine,
An' deep an' lawstin' theer nimes remine
  Writ in theer blood for theer country shed;
An' they stan's up strite an' they knows no shime,
  The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

Barry Pain.

CXII

ADMIRALS ALL

A SONG OF SEA KINGS

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
  Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
  Hail to the Kings of the sea!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
  Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
  To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
  Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
  To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
  With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
  And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
  Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
  And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
  Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
  And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
  When the great Armada came;
But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'
  And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
  Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
  And his colours aloft he flew.
'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
  'And I'll sink with a right good will:
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
  My flag will be fluttering still.'

Splinters were flying above, below,
  When Nelson sailed the Sound:
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
  Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'

The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
  But he wickedly wagged his head:
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
  And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
  (The echoes are ringing still).
Admirals all, they went their way
  To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
  The realm of the circling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
  And the Rodneys yet to be.
    Admirals all, for England's sake,
      Honour be yours and fame!
    And honour, as long as waves shall break,
      To Nelson's peerless name!

Henry Newbolt.

CXIII

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
  (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
  An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
  Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
  He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
  (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
  An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
  Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
  An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

Henry Newbolt.

CXIV

A TOAST

Drake's luck to all that sail with Drake
For promised lands of gold!
Brave lads, whatever storms may break,
We've weathered worse of old!
To-night the loving-cup we'll drain,
To-morrow for the Spanish Main!

Henry Newbolt.

CXV

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?

We may not speak of England? her Flag's to sell
or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the
World, declare!

The North Wind blew:—'From Bergen my steel-
shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko
floe;
By the great North Lights above me I work the
will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger
fills with cod.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them
down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light:
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for
it is there!'

The South Wind sighed:—'From the Virgins my
mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked
lagoon.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud
in the breeze—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it North, to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn;
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!'

The East Wind roared:—'From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!'

The West Wind called:—'In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,
They bellow one to the other, the frighted ship-bells toll:
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death:

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!'

Rudyard Kipling.

CXVI

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

CXVII

THE GREY MOTHER

Lo, how they come to me,
  Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me!

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
  Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,

Me, the grey, old, weary Mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
  Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
  Hearing their Mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Far from South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
  Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me!

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
  Come, in their children's children . . .
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
  Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
  Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern Mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
  Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me!

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
  Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

CXVIII

THE SONG OF THE SNOTTIES *

LISTEN! my brothers of Eton and Harrow,
  Hearken! my brothers of over the seas,
Say! do your class-rooms seem dingy and narrow?
  List to the sound of the sea-scented breeze.
Now for a moment if dreary your lot is,
  Wet bob or dry bob whichever you be,
List to the tale and the song of the snotties,
  The song of the snotties who sail on the sea.

The song of the snotties
(The poor little snotties),
Good luck to the snotties wherever they be,
The dirk and the patches,
The bruises and scratches,
The song of the snotties who sail on the sea!

Early we left you and late are returning
  Back to the land of our story and birth,
Back to the land of our glory and yearning,
  Back from the uttermost ends of the earth.
Hear you the bucket and clang of the brasses
  Working together by perfect decree?
That is the tale of the glory which passes—
  That is the song of the snotties at sea!

Often at noon when the gale's at its strongest,
  Sadly we think of the days that are gone;
Often at night when the watches are longest
  Have your remembrances heartened us on.
And in the mazes of dim recollection,
  Still we'll remember the days that are past,
Till, on the hopes of a schoolboy affection,
  Death and his angels shall trample at last.

* From *A Gun-Room Ditty Box* (Cassell & Co., 1898). By permission of author and publishers.

What though the enemy taunt and deride us!
  Have we forgotten the triumphs of yore?
What if the oceans may seem to divide us!
  Brothers, remember the friendship we bore.
Lo! it is finished—the day of probations.
  Up! and we stand for the England to be.
Then, as the Head and the Front of the Nations,
  Brothers, your health!—from the snotties at sea!

'Stand well,' say the snotties
('Good luck,' say the snotties),
'And wisely and firmly and great shall we be;
For monarchies tremble,
And empires dissemble,
But Britain shall stand'—say the snotties at sea!

George Frederic Stewart Bowles.

II

WALES

CXIX

THE BARD

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
  Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
  They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
  To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
  From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
  Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
  He wound with toilsome march his long array:
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

  On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
  Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air),
  And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
  Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave
  Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
  Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

'Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun);
Half of thy heart we consecrate
(The web is wove; the work is done).
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
  Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
  Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
  And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line:
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play?
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again
  Fierce War and faithful Love
And Truth severe, by fairy diction drest.
  In buskined measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
  Gales from blooming Eden bear,
  And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
  Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
  And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
  The different doom our fates assign:

Be thine Despair and sceptred Care,
  To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Thomas Gray.

CXX

BODRYDDAN

O LAND of Druid and of Bard,
Worthy of bearded Time's regard,
Quick-blooded, light-voiced, lyric Wales,
Proud with mountains, rich with vales,
And of such valour that in thee
Was born a third of chivalry
(And is to come again, they say,
Blowing its trumpets into day,
With sudden earthquake from the ground,
And in the midst, great Arthur crown'd),
I used to think of thee and thine
As one of an old faded line
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart:—
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields, and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word
(So rich they open), and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pulse as strong
As the sea's more ancient song
And of a sympathy as wide;
And all this truth, and more beside,
I should have known, had I but seen,
O Flint, thy little shore; and been
Where Truth and Dream walk, hand-in-hand,
Bodryddan's living Fairyland.

James Henry Leigh Hunt.

CXXI

THE HARP OF WALES

HARP of the mountain-land! sound forth again
  As when the foaming Hirla's horn was crown'd,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
  And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round:
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!
  Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman came
  O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame;
  The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores:
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
  Ring out; thou harp! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease! The Saxon pass'd,
  His banners floated on Eryri's gales;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
  E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales!
Thine was the voice that cheer'd the brave and free;
  They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years!—They saw the valiant fall,
  The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruin'd hall—
  Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord!
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
  Thou noble harp! thy tones are not to cease!

Felicia Hemans.

CXXII

PRINCE MADOG'S FAREWELL

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day
  On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep?
Too fair is the sight for a wand'rer whose way
  Lies far o'er the measureless paths of the deep.
Fall shadows of twilight, and veil the green shore,
  That the heart of the mighty may waver no more!

Why rise in my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
  Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne?
Be hush'd! be forgotten! for ne'er shall the land
  Of the minstrel with melody greet my return.
No, no! let your echoes still float on the breeze,
  And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas!

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
  Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh;
Away! we will bear over ocean and earth
  A name and a spirit that never shall die.
My course to the winds, to the stars I resign;
  But my soul's quenchless fire, oh, my country, is thine!

Felicia Hemans.

CXXIII

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

GLYNDWR, see thy comet flaming!
Hear a heav'nly voice declaiming,
To the world below proclaiming
  'Cambria shall be free!'
While thy star on high is beaming,
Soldiers from the mountain teeming,
With their spears and lances gleaming,
  Come to follow thee.
  Hear the trumpet sounding,
  While the steeds are bounding!
On the gale from hill and dale
  The war-cry is resounding.

Warriors famed in song and story,
Coming from the mountains hoary,
Rushing to the field of glory,
  Eager for the fray,—
  To the valley wending,
  Hearths and homes defending
With their proud and valiant Prince
  From ancient kings descending,—

See the mighty host advancing,
Sunbeams on their helmets dancing!
On his gallant charger prancing
Glyndwr leads the way.

Now to battle they are going,
Every heart with courage glowing,
Pride and passion overflowing,
In the furious strife;
Lo, the din of war enrages,
Vengeance crowns the hate of ages,
Sternly foe with foe engages,
Feeding Death with Life!
Hear the trumpets braying,
And the horses neighing!
Hot the strife while fiery foes
Are one another slaying!

Arrows fly as swift as lightning,
Shout on shout the tumult height'ning,
Conquest's ruddy wing is bright'ning
Helmet, sword and shield;
With their lances flashing,
Warriors wild are crashing
Through the tyrant's serried ranks,
Whilst onwards they are dashing!
Now the enemy is flying,
Trampling on the dead and dying;
Victory aloft is crying
'Cambria wins the field!'

John Jones.

CXXIV

LLEWELYN AP GRUFFYDD

After dead centuries,
Neglect, derision, scorn,
And secular miseries,
At last our Cymric race again is born,
Opens again its heavy sleep-worn eyes,
And fronts a brighter morn.

Shall then our souls forget,
Dazzled by visions of our Wales to Be,
The Wales that Was, the Wales undying yet,
The old heroic Cymric chivalry?
Nay! one we are, indeed,
With that dim Britain of our distant sires;
Still the same love the patriot's bosom fires;
With the same wounds our loyal spirits bleed;
The heroes of the past are living still
By each sequestered vale, and cloud-compelling hill.

Dear heart that wast so strong
To guide the storm of battle year by year,
Last of our Cymric Princes! dauntless King!
Whose brave soul knew not fear!
Thou from Eryri's summits, swooping down
Like some swift eagle, o'er the affrighted town
And frowning Norman castles hovering,
Onward didst bear the flag of Victory;
And oft the proud invader dravest back
In ruin from thy country's bounds, and far
Didst roll from her the refluent wave of war,
Till, 'neath the swelling flood,
The low fat Lloegrian plains were sunk in blood.

I see thee when thy lonely widowed heart
Grew weary of its pain,
In one last desperate onset vain
Hurl thyself on thy country's deadly foes;
From north to south the swift rebellion sped,
The castles fell, the land arose;
Wales reared once more her weary war-worn head
Through triumph and defeat, a chequered sum,
Till the sure end should come,
The traitorous ambush, and the murderous spear;
Still 'mid the cloistered glories of Cwmhir,
I hear the chants sung for the kingly dead,
While Cambria mourned thy dear dishonoured head.

Strong son of Wales! thy fate
Not without tears, our Cymric memories keep;
Our faithful, unforgetting natures weep
The ancestral fallen Great.
Not with the stalwart arm
After our age-long peace,
We serve her now, nor keen uplifted sword,
But with the written or the spoken word
Would fain her power increase;
The Light we strive to spread
Is Knowledge, and its power
Comes not from captured town or leaguered tower.
A closer brotherhood
Unites the Cymric and the Anglian blood,
Yet separate, side by side they dwell, not one,
Distinct till Time be done.

But we who in that peaceful victory
Our faith, our hope repose,
With grateful hearts, Llewelyn, think of thee
Who fought'st our country's foes;
Whose generous hand was open to reward
The dauntless patriot bard,
Who loved'st the arts of peace, yet knew'st through life
Only incessant strife;
Who ne'er like old Iorwerth's happier son,
Didst rest from battles won,
But strovest for us still, and not in vain;
Since from that ancient pain,
After six centuries, Wales of thy love
Feels through her veins new patriot currents move,
And from thy ashes, like the Phœnix springs
Skyward on soaring wings,
And fronts, grown stronger for the days that were,
Whatever Fortune, 'neath God's infinite air,
Fate and the Years prepare!

Sir Lewis Morris.

CXXV

RHUDDLAN MARSH

ARVON's heights hide the bright sun from our gazing,
Night's dark pall enshrouds all in its embracing;
Still as death—not a breath mars the deep silence,
On mine ear waves roll near with soft hush'd cadence.
O the start of my heart's quick palpitating,
Anger's thrill doth me fill when meditating
On the day when the fray crushed the brave Cambrian,
When, through guile, pile on pile heaped Morfa Rhuddlan!

See, at once Britain's sons' bosoms are swelling,
Each face hot with fierce thought from each heart welling;
Strong arms bare through the air fierce blows are dealing,
Till the foes with the blows serried are reeling!
Through the day Britons pray in their great anguish,—
'Thou, on high, hear our cry—help us to vanquish!
Hedge around the dear ground of our lov'd Britain,
Speed our host, or we're lost on Morfa Rhuddlan!'

Like a dart through my heart anguish is flowing,
Hark, how loud, fierce, and proud is the foes' crowing!
But, O host, do not boast as of aught glorious,
'Twas thy swarms, not thine arms, made thee victorious!
See, yon scores at their doors watching in terrors,
Full of care for the fare of their lov'd warriors!
Up the rocks quickly flock sire, child, and woman,—
Each heart bleeds for the deeds on Morfa Rhuddlan.

Richard Bellis Jones.

CXXVI

LIBERTY

SEE, see where royal Snowdon rears
Her hoary head above her peers
    To cry that Wales is free!
O hills which guard our liberties,
With outstretched arms to where you rise
In all your pride, I turn my eyes
    And echo, 'Wales is free!'
O'er giant Idris' lofty seat,
O'er Berwyn and Plynlimon great
And hills which round them lower meet,
    Blow winds of liberty.
And like the breezes high and strong,
Which through the cloudwrack sweep along,
Each dweller in this land of song
    Is free, is free, is free!

Never, O Freedom, let sweet sleep
Over that wretch's eyelids creep
    Who bears with wrong and shame.
Make him to feel thy spirit high,
And, like a hero, do or die,
And smite the arm of tyranny,
    And lay its haunts aflame,—
Rather than peace which makes thee slave,
Rise, Europe, rise, and draw thy glaive,
Lay foul oppression in its grave
    No more the light to see!
Then heavenward turn thy grateful gaze,
And like the rolling thunder raise
Thy triumph-song of joy and praise
To God—that thou art free!

Edmund Osborne Jones.

CXXVII

THE POETS OF WALES

DEAR Cymru, mid thy mountains soaring high
  Dwells genius basking in thy quiet air,
  And heavenly shades, and solitude more rare,
And all wrapt round with fullest harmony
Of streams which fall afar. Thus pleasantly
  'Neath Nature their fit foster-mother's care,
  Thy children learn from infant hours to bear
And work the will of God. Thy scenery
So varied-wild, so strangely sweet and strong,
Works on them and to music moulds their mind,
Till flows their fancy in poetic rills.
The voice of Nature breathes in every song;
And we may read therein thy features kind,
As in some tarn that nestles 'neath thy hills.

Thy fragrant breezes wander through the maze
  Of all their songs as through a woodland reach;
  Their odes drop sweetness like the ripening peach
In laden orchards on late summer days.
Their work is Nature's own—not theirs the praise
  By culture won which midnight studies teach;
  Sounds the loud cataract in their sonorous speech,
And strikes the keynote of their tuneful lays.
As to remotest ages in the past
We trace thy joyous story, more and more
Bards won high honour mid thy hills and vales.
So, Cymru, while this world of ours shall last,
And ocean echoing beat upon thy shore,
May poets never cease to sing for Wales!

Edmund Osborne Jones.

III

SCOTLAND

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.

CXXXIII

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir!
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united!
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But Deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't!

Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Who would set the mob above the throne,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing 'God Save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People!

Robert Burns.

CXXXIV

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume!
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom;
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the white flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

Robert Burns.

CXXXV

THE OUTCAST

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
From him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

CXXXVI

FLODDEN FIELD

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor waward wing,
  Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
  That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
  On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,

And turn the doubtful day again,
  While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
  Our Caledonian pride!

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
  That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
  Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
  The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
  As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
  While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;

To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, time, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
  Of Flodden's fatal field,
When shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
  And broken was her shield!

Sir Walter Scott.

CXXXVII

GATHERING-SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
  Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
  Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
  Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
  From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
  Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
  Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
  Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Sir Walter Scott.

CXXXVIII

OVER THE BORDER

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
  Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
  All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
    Many a banner spread,
    Flutters above your head,
  Many a crest that is famous in story;
    Mount and make ready then,
    Sons of the mountain glen,
  Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory!

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
  Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
  Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
    Trumpets are sounding,
    War-steeds are bounding,
  Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,
    England shall many a day
    Tell of the bloody fray,
  When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border!

Sir Walter Scott.

CXXXIX

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee!'

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.'

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open the gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

Sir Walter Scott.

CXL

WAR-SONG

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
    The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
    Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
    A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
    We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
    Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn;
    And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call
    Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour desperate grown,
    Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
    In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
    Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
    Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
    And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

Sir Walter Scott.

CXLI

ODE ON VISITING FLODDEN

GREEN Flodden! on thy bloodstained head
Descend no rain or vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glows in my breast; again I burn
To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden Field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That viewed their chieftain's long array,
Wild to the harp's deep plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring!

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain,
That mourn'd their martial fathers' bier;
And at the sacred font, the priest
Through ages left the master-hand unblessed,
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain
In early youth rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat;
And oft in fancied might, I trode
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,

Encircled with a sanguine flood;
  And thought I heard the mingling hum,
  When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

  Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
    And iron soul, who sternly tore
  The blossoms from the tree of fame,
    And purpled deep their tints with gore,
  Rush from brown ruins, scarr'd with age,
  That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
  They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
  And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened
      ground.

  Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain
    Who scorned with backward step to move,
  But struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
    Against the Sacred Standard strove;
  Amid the lanes of war I trace
  Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
  Your glittering spears, in close array,
  Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor
      host.

  But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
    With surly sounds that murmur far;
  Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
    Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.
  Around my solitary head
  Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
  'Lament no more the warrior's doom!
  Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native
      land.'

John Leyden.

CXLII

LOYALTY

It's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
O it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
For it's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
O it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is witherin' an' a',
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurpin' tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
For it's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
O it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save;
The new grass is springin' on the tap o' their grave:
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.'
For it's hame, an' it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
O it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Allan Cunningham.

CXLIII

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are comin', O-ho!
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven!
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
Upon the Lomonds I lay;
I lookit doun to bonnie Lochleven,
An' saw three perches play.

Great Argyll he goes before;
  He makes the cannons an' guns to roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum;
  The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
  Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
  The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

Anonymous.

CXLIV

MY AIN COUNTRIE

Oh! why left I my hame?
  Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
  Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
  And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
  O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
  And fair the myrtle springs;
And to the Indian maid
  The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom,
  Wi' its tassels on the lea;
Nor hear the linties' sang
  O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
  Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor sang of reapers heard
  Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
  And the wail o' slaverie;
But the sun o' freedom shines
  In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
  And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys of our heart
  Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
  And a path across the sea;
But for me there's nae return
  To my ain countrie.

Robert Gilfillan.

CXLV

IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the Highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted;
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only the winds and rivers,
Life and death.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

CXLVI

EXILED

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure:

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

CXLVII

TO EXILES

Are you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist of storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping
To the Highlands and the Lowlands of your home?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo back;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from the horizons black;
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather,
We are the men, we battle, we endure!
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure!

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
  Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
  In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
  And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
  Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns cluster
  Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wild-fowl muster
  To shelter from the day's inclemency;
And night will come, and then far through the darkling
  A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
And it will mind us of some fond eye's sparkling,
  And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
  Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
That light of home shines warmly in the valley,
  And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.
Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
  And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
When all the recollections come a-thronging,
  Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
  While the wild Winter blusters round their land;
That light of home, the wind so bitter blowing—
  Look, look and listen, do you understand?
Love, strength, and tempest—oh, come back and share them!
  Here is the cottage, here the open door;
We have the hearts, although we do not bare them,—
  They're yours, and you are ours for evermore.

Neil Munro.

JACOBITE SONGS

CXLVIII

THE KING OVER THE WATER

BONNIE Charlie's noo awa'
  Safely o'er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
  Should he ne'er come back again.

Will ye no' come back again?
Will ye no' come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will ye no' come back again?

The hills he trod were a' his ain,
  And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
  There's none on earth can claim but he.

Sweet the laverock's note and lang,
  Liltin' wildly up the glen;
But he sings nae ither sang
  Than 'Will ye no come back again?'

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing
  Unto the e'enin' sinkin' down,
Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
  To me they hae nae ither soun'
  Than—

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will ye no come back again?

Anonymous.

CXLIX

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE!

Oh! he was lang o' comin',
Lang, lang, lang o' comin',
Oh! he was lang o' comin'!
Welcome, Royal Charlie!

When he on Moidart's shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcomed Royal Charlie.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,
Was bonnet blue, and tartan plaid;
And O! he was a handsome lad,
A true king's son was Charlie.

But oh! he was lang o' comin',
Lang, lang, lang o' comin',
Oh! he was lang o' comin',
Welcome, Royal Charlie!

Anonymous.

CL

CAM' YE BY ATHOL?

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets an' white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed an' trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to Macdonald an' gallant Clanronald,
These are the men that will die for their Charlie!

CLIII

A SONG OF EXILE

FRAE the friends and land I love
  Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
  Never mair to taste delight!
Never mair maun hope to find
  Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
When remembrance wracks the mind,
  Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
  Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
  Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge with laurell'd head
  Bring our banish'd hame again,
And ilk loyal, bonnie lad
  Cross the seas, and win his ain!

Robert Burns.

CLIV

KENMURE'S MARCH

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
  O, Kenmure's on and awa!
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
  That ever Galloway saw!

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
  Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
  That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
  Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
  Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
  O, Kenmure's lads are men!
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
  And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
  They'll live or die wi' fame!
But soon wi' sounding Victorie
  May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
  Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
  The rose that's like the sna!

Robert Burns.

CLV

A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
  We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
  We e'er saw Irish land,
    My dear—
  We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
  And a' is done in vain,
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
  For I maun cross the main,
    My dear—
  For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
  Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
  With adieu for evermore,
    My dear—
  And adieu for evermore!

The soger frae the wars returns,
  The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love
  Never to meet again,
    My dear—
  Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
  And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa
  The lee-lang night, and weep,
    My dear—
  The lee-lang night and weep.

Robert Burns.

CLVI

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier!

As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
An' a' the folk cam' rinnin' oot
  To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
An' claymores bricht an' clear,
They cam' to fecht for Scotland's richt,
  An' the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
  The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier!

Lady Nairn

CLVII

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Hieland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows both late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or han',
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early;
His very name our hearts' blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And claim your rightfu', lawfu' King,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?

Lady Nairn.

CLVIII

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

A WEE bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet an' clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang,
Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

O! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
  The tears cam' droppin' rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
  For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
  Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
  Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?'
'O! no, no, no,' the wee bird sang,
  'I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
  Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills that are by right his ain,
  He roams a lonely stranger,
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
  On ilka side by danger:
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
  My heart maist burstit fairly;
For sairly changed indeed was he—
  O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
  Cauld o'er the hills an' valleys;
An' whaur was't that your prince lay down,
  Whase hame should be a palace?
He row'd him in a Hieland plaid,
  Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
  O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
  An' he shook his wings wi' anger;
'O! this is no a land for me;
  I'll tarry here nae langer.'
A while he hover'd on the wing,
  Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
  Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

William Glen.

CLIX

SKYE BOAT-SONG

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
'Onward' the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye!

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
'Onward' the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye!

Harold Boulton.

CLX

A KISS OF THE KING'S HAND

It wasna from a golden throne,
Or a bower with milk-white roses blown,
But 'mid the kelp on northern sand
That I got a kiss of the King's hand.

I durstna raise my een to see
If he even cared to glance at me;
His princely brow with care was crossed,
For his true men slain and kingdom lost.

Think not his hand was soft and white
Or his fingers a' with jewels dight,
Or round his wrists were ruffles grand,
When I got a kiss of the King's hand.

But dearer far to my twa een
Was the ragged sleeve of red and green
Owre that young weary hand that fain
With the guid broadsword had found its ain.

Farewell for ever! the distance grey
And the lapping ocean seemed to say—
For him a home in a foreign land,
And for me one kiss of the King's hand.

Sarah Robertson Matheson.

IV

IRELAND

CLXI

HOME

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my later hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Oliver Goldsmith.

CLXII

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

O, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's
goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish
ground;
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colour
can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the
hand,
And he said, 'How's poor Ould Ireland, and how
does she stand?'
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet
was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin'
o' the green.

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat and throw it on the sod,—
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod!
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their colour dare not show,
Then I will change the colour, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

Anonymous.

CLXIII

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song!' said the warrior bard,
'Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, 'No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.'

Thomas Moore.

CLXIV

A SONG OF THE IRISH

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
  Tho' the days of the hero are o'er,
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
  He returns to Kincora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
  Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
  To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint
  Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
  The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
  Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
  Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
  In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their
    blood,
  They stirred not, but conquered and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
  Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:
Oh! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night
  To find that they fell there in vain!

Thomas Moore.

CLXV

DEPARTED GLORY

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
  As if that soul were fled.—

So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
  Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore.

CLXVI

THE CHOICE

O, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
    Who, could he burst
    His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
    When thus its wing
    At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
    Than that, whose braid
    Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Thomas Moore.

CLXVII

A SONG OF TRUE LOVE

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in the grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved Island of Sorrow.

Thomas Moore.

CLXVIII

TO ERIN

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

Thomas Moore.

CLXIX

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at thy lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

Thomas Moore.

CLXX

THE MAIDEN CITY

WHERE Foyle her swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign:

A holy temple crowned her,
  And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
  The river at her feet:
And here she sat alone, boys,
  And looking from the hill,
Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
  In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
  Came to the Ferry Gate;
She summoned to defend her
  Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted, 'No surrender!'
  And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
  They told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
  A kingly wooer came
(The royal banner o'er him
  Blushed crimson-deep for shame);
He showed the Pope's commission,
  Nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
  But begged to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
  She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
  'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending
  'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.

That hallow'd graveyard yonder
  Swells with the slaughtered dead—
O, brothers! pause and ponder,
  It was for us they bled;
And while their gifts we own, boys—
  The fane that tops our hill,
O, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
  Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us,
  Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will may crouch and tender
  The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, 'No surrender!'
  No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
  No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Shall be a Maiden still!

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna.

CLXXI

KINCORA

(*From the Irish*)

O, WHERE, Kincora! is Brien the Great?
  And where is the beauty that once was thine?
O, where are the princes and nobles that sate
  At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine?
  Where, O, Kincora?

O, where, Kincora! are thy valorous lords?
  O, whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?
O, where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?
  And where are the warriors Brien led on?
  Where, O, Kincora?

And where is Donogh, King Brien's son?
  And where is Conàing, the beautiful chief?
And Kiàn and Corc? Alas! they are gone;
  They have left me this night alone with my grief!
    Left me, Kincora!

O, where is Duvlann of the Swift-footed Steeds?
  And where is Kiàn, who was son of Molloy?
And where is king Lonergan, fame of whose deeds
  In the red battle no time can destroy?
    Where, O, Kincora!

I am MacLaig, and my home is on the lake:
  Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brien to ask me, and I went for his sake,
  O, my grief! that I should live and Brien be dead!
    Dead, O, Kincora!

James Clarence Mangan.

CLXXII

DARK ROSALEEN

(*From the Irish*)

O! my Dark Rosaleen,
  Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
  They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
  Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
  Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
  On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
  I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
O! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
  To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
  Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
  To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal;

Your holy, delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plough the high hills,
O! I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
  With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
  And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
  Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

James Clarence Mangan.

CLXXIII

THE BAY OF DUBLIN

O, Bay of Dublin! how my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream;
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubblin',
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
And never till this life's pulsation ceases,
My early, latest thought you'll fail to be,—
O! none here knows how very fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.
Sweet Wicklow mountains! the soft sunlight sleepin'
On your green uplands is a picture rare;
You crowd around me like young maidens peepin'
And puzzlin' me to say which is most fair,
As tho' you longed to see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
My fondest blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.
How often when alone at work I'm sittin'
And musin' sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my pretty Katie knittin',
The childer playin' round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' kindly faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see;
Tho' none here knows how very fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

Lady Dufferin.

CLXXIV

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side,
That bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride.

MUTILATION NOTED

Host of armour, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight!
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Like a wild beast in his den,
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creean's richest valleys ravage.

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts,
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come,
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ranelagh!
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.'
'From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Sacsanach met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uachtar upon St. Leonard's Day.'

'Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead;
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacán dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,
Uileacán dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Sir Samuel Ferguson.

I think I see my pretty Katie Kittin,
The childer playin' round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' kindly faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see;
Tho' none here knows how very fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

Lady Dufferin.

CLXXIV

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side,
That bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride.

MUTILATION NO

CLXXIX

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE

THE Little Black Rose shall be red at last;
What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last;
[illegible] but the dragon fly?

CLXXVIII

THE DEAD CHIEF

MUTILATION

'DID they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?'
'Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel.'
'May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.'
'From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Sacsanach met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uachtar upon St. Leonard's Day.'

'Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead;
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacán dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing [illegible]
[illegible] to our darling who is gone?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's Corner-stone!

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the Victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye,
O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?'

Thomas Davis.

CLXXIX

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE

THE Little Black Rose shall be red at last;
What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last;
What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn, and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last!
The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die!
This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

Aubrey de Vere.

CLXXXII

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS

(*From the Irish*)

Lo, our land this night is lone!
Hear ye not sad Erin's moan?
Maidens weep and true men sorrow,
Lone the Brave Race night and morrow.

Lone this night is Fola's plain,—
Though the foemen swarm amain—
Far from Erin, generous-hearted,
Far her Flower of Sons is parted.

Great the hardship! great the grief!
Ulster wails Tirconaill's Chief,
From Emain west to Assarue
Wails gallant, gentle, generous Hugh.

Children's joy no more rejoices,—
Fetters silence Song's sweet voices—
Change upon our chiefs, alas!
Bare the altar, banned the Mass.

Homes are hearthless, harps in fetters,
Guerdon's none for men of letters,
Banquets none, nor merry meetings,
Hills ring not the chase's greetings.

Songs of war make no heart stronger,
Songs of peace inspire no longer,—
In great halls, at close of days,
Sound no more our fathers' lays.

Foemen camp in Neimid's plains;
Who shall break our heavy chains?
What Naisi, son of Conn, shall prove
A Moses to the land we love?

She has none who now can aid her,
All have gone before the invader;
Banba's bonds and cruel cross
Steal the very soul from us!

George Sigerson.

CLXXXIII

LAMENT FOR EOGHAN RUA O'NEILL

(*From the Irish*)

How great the loss is thy loss to me!
A loss to all who had speech with thee:—
On earth can so hard a heart there be
As not to weep for the death of Eoghan?
Och, ochón! 'tis I am stricken,
Unto death the isle may sicken,
Thine the soul which all did quicken;
—And thou 'neath the sod!

I stood at Cavan o'er thy tomb,
Thou spok'st no word through all thy gloom;
O want! O ruin! O bitter doom!
O great, lost heir of the house of Niall!
I care not now whom Death may borrow,
Despair sits by me, night and morrow,
My life henceforth is one long sorrow;
—And thou 'neath the sod!

O child of heroes, heroic child!
Thou'dst smite our foe in battle wild,
Thou'dst right all wrong, O just and mild!
And who lives now—since dead is Eoghan?
In place of feasts, alas! there's crying,
In place of song, sad woe and sighing,
Alas, I live with my heart a-dying,
—And thou 'neath the sod!

My woe, was ever so cruel woe?
My heart is torn with rending throe!
I grieve that I am not lying low
In silent death by thy side, Eoghan!
Thou wast skilled all straits to ravel,
And thousands broughtst from death and cavil,
They journey safe who with thee travel,
—And thou with thy God!

George Sigerson.

CLXXXIV

THE OLD COUNTRY

Not tasselled palm or bended cypress wooing
The languid wind on temple-crownèd heights,
Not heaven's myriad stars in lustre strewing
Smooth sapphire bays in hushed Ionian nights,
Not the clear peak of dawn-encrimsoned snow,
Or plumage-lighted wood, or gilded pile
Sparkling amid the imperial city's glow,
Endears our Isle.

Thine the weird splendour of the restless billow
  For ever breaking over lonely shores,
The reedy mere that is the wild-swan's pillow,
  The crag to whose torn spire the eagle soars,
The moorland where the solitary hern
  Spreads his grey wings upon the breezes cold,
The pink sweet heather's bloom, the waving fern,
    The gorse's gold.

And we who draw our being from thy being,
  Blown by the untimely blast about the earth,
Back in love's visions to thy bosom fleeing,
  Droop with thy sorrows, brighten with thy mirth;
O, from afar, with sad and straining eyes,
  Tired arms across the darkness and the foam
We stretch to thy bluff capes and sombre skies,
    Belovèd home!

The nurselings of thy moorlands and thy mountains,
  Thy children tempered by thy winter gales,
Swayed by the tumult of thy headlong fountains
  That clothe with pasture green thy grassy vales,
True to one love in climes' and years' despite,
  We yearn, in our last hour, upon thy breast,
When the Great Darkness wraps thee from our sight,
    To sink to rest!

George Francis Savage-Armstrong.

CLXXXV

THE SONGS OF ERIN

('Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds.'
—*Old Irish*)

I've heard the lark's cry thrill the sky o'er the
  meadows of Lusk,
And the first joyous gush of the thrush from Adare's
  April Wood;
At thy lone music's spell, Philomel, magic-stricken
  I've stood,
When, in Espan afar, star on star trembled out of
  the dusk.

While Dunkerron's blue dove murmured love, 'neath her nest I have sighed,
And by mazy Culdaff with a laugh mocked the cuckoo's refrain;
Derrycarn's dusky bird I have heard piping joy hard by pain,
And the swan's last lament sobbing sent over Moyle's mystic tide.

Yet as bright shadows pass from the glass of the darkening lake,
As the rose's rapt sigh will soon die, when the zephyr is stilled;
In oblivion grey sleeps each lay that those birds ever trilled,
But the songs Erin sings from her strings shall immortally wake.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

CLXXXVI

THE RISING OF THE MOON

(1798)

'O, THEN, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, tell me why you hurry so?'
'Hush, *ma bouchal*, hush and listen;' and his cheeks were all aglow:
'I bear orders from the Captain—get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together at the risin' o' the moon.'

'O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, where the gath'rin' is to be?'
'At the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' o' the moon.'

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching
through that night,
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed
warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the banshee's
lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of
the moon.

There, beside the singing river, that dark mass of
men was seen—
Far above the shining weapons hung their own
beloved Green.
'Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! strike
the marchin' tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom! 'tis the risin'
o' the moon!'

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter
was their fate;
(O, what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of
Ninety-Eight!)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in man-
hood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of
the moon!

John Keegan Casey.

CLXXXVII

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

(*From the Irish of Angus O'Gillan*)

In a quiet-water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erinn in their famous generations
Slumber there

There below the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the Clan of Conn,
Each beneath his stone with name in branching
Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
  There the sons of Cairbrè sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
  Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
  And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,
  Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter
  In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
  Many a swan-white breast.

Thomas William Rolleston.

CLXXXVIII

SHAMROCK SONG

O THE red rose may be fair,
And the lily statelier;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the very heart of me!

Many a lover hath the rose
When June's musk-wind breathes and blows;
And in many a bower is heard
Her sweet praise from bee and bird.

Through the gold hours dreameth she,
In her warm heart passionately,
Her fair face hung languid-wise:
O her breath of honey and spice!

Like a fair saint virginal
Stands your lily silver and tall;
Over all the flowers that be
Is my shamrock dear to me.

Shines the lily like the sun,
Crystal-pure, a cold sweet nun;
With her austere lip she sings
To her heart of heavenly things.

Gazeth through a night of June
To her sister-saint the moon;
With the stars communeth long
Of the angels and their song.

But when summer died last year
Rose and lily died with her;
Shamrock stayeth every day,
Be the winds or gold or grey.

Irish hills, grey as the dove,
Know the little plant I love;
Warm and fair it mantles them,
Stretching down from throat to hem.

And it laughs o'er many a vale,
Sheltered safe from storm and gale;
Sky and sun and stars thereof
Love the gentle plant I love.

Soft it clothes the ruined floor,
Of many an abbey, grey and hoar,
And the still home of the dead
With its green is carpeted.

Roses for an hour of love,
With the joy and pain thereof;
Stand my lilies white to see
All for prayer and purity.

These are white as the harvest moon,
Roses flush like the heart of June;
But my shamrock brave and gay,
Glads the tired eyes every day.

O the red rose shineth rare,
And the lily saintly fair;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the inmost heart of me!

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

CLXXXIX

WAYS OF WAR

A TERRIBLE and splendid trust
  Heartens the host of Inisfail:
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,
  A lighting glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,
  And Tara the assembling place:
But each sweet wind of Ireland bears
  The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,
  From Howth to Achill, the glad noise
Rings: and the heirs of glory fall,
  Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
  Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,
Some weapons on some field must gleam,
  Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,
  Fair for the treading of an host:
That field in realms of thought be won,
  And armed minds do their uttermost:

Some way, to faithful Inisfail,
  Shall come the majesty and awe
Of martial truth, that must prevail,
  To lay on all the eternal law.

Lionel Johnson.

V

CANADA

CXC

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

O, THE East is but West, with the sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm, by the dark Egyptian water:
And the Nile's like many a stream we know, that fills its brimming cup,—
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the batteaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view, afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar, towards the Southern land!

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the waves are tossing!
Then, it's homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream, and ocean deep—
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple shadows sleep!

And it yet may come to pass, that the hearts and hands so ready
May be sought again to help, when some poise is off the steady!

And the Maple and the Pine be matched, with
British Oak the while,
As once beneath Egyptian suns, the Canadians on
the Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the
top!

William Wye Smith.

CXCI

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

'On with the charge!' he cries, and waves his
sword;—
One rolling cheer five thousand voices swell;—
The levelled guns pour forth their leaden shower,
While thund'ring cannons' roar half drowns the
Huron yell.

'On with the charge!' with shout and cheer they
come;—
No laggard there upon that field of fame.
The lurid plain gleams like a seething hell,
And every rock and tree send forth their bolts of
flame.

On! on! they sweep. Uprise the waiting ranks—
Still as the grave—unmoved as granite wall;—
The foe before—the dizzy crags behind—
They fight, the day to win, or like true warriors
fall.

Forward they sternly move, then halt to wait
That raging sea of human life now near;—
'Fire!' rings from right to left,—each musket rings,
As if a thunder-peal had struck the startled ear.

Again, and yet again that volley flies,—
With deadly aim the grapeshot sweeps the field;—
All levelled for the charge, the bayonets gleam,
And brawny arms a thousand claymores fiercely
wield.

And down the line swells high the British cheer,
  That on a future day woke Minden's plain,
And the loud slogan that fair Scotland's foes
  Have often heard with dread, and oft shall hear again.

And the shrill pipe its coronach that wailed
  On dark Culloden moor o'er trampled dead,
Now sounds the 'Onset' that each clansman knows,
  Still leads the foremost rank, where noblest blood is shed.

And on that day no nobler stained the sod,
  Than his, who for his country life laid down;
Who, for a mighty Empire battled there,
  And strove from rival's brow to wrest the laurel crown.

Twice struck,—he recks not, but still heads the charge,
  But, ah! fate guides the marksman's fatal ball:—
With bleeding breast, he claims a comrade's aid,—
  'We win,—let not my soldiers see their Leader fall.'

Full well he feels life's tide is ebbing fast,—
  When hark! 'They run; see how they run!' they cry.
'Who run?' 'The foe.' His eyes flash forth one gleam,
  Then murm'ring low he sighs, 'Praise God, in peace I die.'

Far rolls the battle's din, and leaves its dead,
  As when a cyclone thro' the forest cleaves;—
And the dread claymore heaps the path with slain,
  As strews the biting cold the earth with autumn leaves.

The Fleur de Lys lies trodden on the ground,—
  The slain Montcalm rests in his warrior grave,—
'All's well' resounds from tower and battlement,
  And England's banners proudly o'er the ramparts wave.

Slowly the mighty warships sail away,
  To tell their country of an empire won;
But, ah! they bear the death-roll of the slain,
  And all that mortal is of Britain's noblest son.

With bowèd head they lay their hero down,
  And pomp and pageant crown the deathless brave;—
Loud salvoes sing the soldier's lullaby,
  And weeping millions bathe with tears his honoured grave.

Then bright the bonfires blaze on Albion's hills,—
  And rends the very sky a people's joy;—
And even when grief broods o'er the vacant chair,
  The mother's heart still nobly gives her gallant boy.

And while broad England gleams with glorious light,
  And merry peals from every belfry ring;—
One little village lies all dark and still,
  No fires are lighted there—no battle songs they sing.

There in her lonely cot, in widow's weeds,
  A mother mourns—the silent tear-drops fall;—
She too had given to swell proud England's fame,
  But, ah! she gave the widow's mite—she gave her all!

Duncan Anderson.

CXCII

THE LOYALISTS

O YE, who with your blood and sweat
  Watered the furrows of this land,—
See where upon a nation's brow,
  In honour's front, ye proudly stand!

Who for her pride abased your own,
  And gladly on her altar laid
All bounty of the outer world,
  All memories that your glory made.

And to her service bowed your strength,
  Took labour for your shield and crest;
See where upon a nation's brow,
  Her diadem ye proudly rest!

Sarah Anne Curzon.

CXCIII

THE WHITETHROAT

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
  That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
  I listen, I hear—
'I love—dear—Canada,
  Canada, Canada!'

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
  Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir
  And echoes thy part! . . .

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
  As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
  The Whitethroat to crown . . .

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
  Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
  We listen, we hear—
'I—love—dear—Canada,
  Canada, Canada!'

Theodore Harding Rand.

CXCIV

WELCOME HOME

(*July* 23, 1885)

WAR-WORN, sun-scorched, stained with the dust of toil
And battle-scarred they come—victorious!
Exultingly we greet them—cleave the sky
With cheers, and fling our banners to the winds;
We raise triumphant songs, and strew their path
To do them homage—bid them 'Welcome Home!'

We laid our country's honour in their hands
And sent them forth undoubting. Said farewell
With hearts too proud, too jealous of their fame,
To own our pain. To-day glad tears may flow.
To-day they come again, and bring their gift—
Of all earth's gifts most precious—trust redeemed.
We stretch our hands, we lift a joyful cry,
Words of all words the sweetest—'Welcome Home!'

O brave true hearts! O steadfast loyal hearts!
They come, and lay their trophies at our feet;
They show us work accomplished, hardships borne,
Courageous deeds, and patience under pain,
Their country's name upheld and glorified,
And Peace, dear purchased by their blood and toil.
What guerdon have we for such service done?
Our thanks, our pride, our praises, and our prayers;
Our country's smile, and her most just rewards;
The victor's laurel laid upon their brows
And all the love that speaks in 'Welcome Home!'

Bays for the heroes: for the martyrs, palms.
To those who come not, who 'though dead yet speak'
A lesson to be guarded in our souls
While the land lives for whose dear sake they died—
Whose lives thrice sacred are the price of Peace,
Whose memory, thrice belovèd thrice revered,

Shall be their country's heritage, to hold
Eternal pattern to her living sons—
What dare we bring? They, dying, have won all.
A drooping flag, a flower upon their graves,
Are all the tribute left. Already theirs
A Nation's safety, gratitude and tears,
Imperishable honour, endless rest.

And ye, O stricken hearted! to whom earth
Is dark, though Peace is smiling, whom no pride
Can soothe, no triumph-pæan can console—
Ye surely will not fail them—will not shrink
To perfect now your sacrifice of love?
'Tis yours to stifle sobs and check your tears,
Lest echo of your grief should reach and break
Their hard-won joy in Heaven, where God Himself
Has met and crowned them, and has said 'Well done!'

Annie Rothwell Christie.

CXCV

THEIR TESTAMENT

WHY is it that ye grieve, O, weak in faith,
  Who turn toward High Heaven upbraiding eyes?
Think ye that God will count your children's death
  Vain sacrifice?

Half-mast your flags? Nay, fly them at the head!
  We reap the harvest where we sowed the corn;
See, from the red graves of your gallant dead,
  An Empire born!

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw
  Unless the steel runs molten-red again:
That men's mere words could not together draw
  Those who were twain?

Do you not see the Anglo-Saxon breed
  Grew less than kin, on every continent;
That brothers had forgotten, in their greed,
  What 'brother' meant?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires
  Which bind the mother to each colony,
How He works surely for our best desires
  To weld the free

With blood of freemen into one Grand Whole,
  To open all the gates of all the Earth?
Do ye not see your Greater Britain's soul
  Has come to birth?

Do ye not hear above the sighs—the song
  From all those outland hearts, which peace kept dumb:—
'There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long,
  When Love cries 'Come!''

Can ye beat steel from iron in the sun,
  Or crown Earth's master on a bloodless field?
As Abram offered to his God his son,
  Our best *we* yield.

And God gives answer. In the battle smoke—
  Tried in war's crucible, washed white in tears,
The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke,
  ONE for all years.

Lift up your eyes! Your glory is revealed!
  See, through war's clouds, the rising of your Sun!
Hear ye God's voice! *Their testament is sealed*
  And ye be one!

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

CXCVI

CANADA

O CHILD of Nations, giant-limbed,
  Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
  With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
  The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
  To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
  Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
  A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
  These are thy Manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
  The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
  The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
  Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
  Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
  The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
  Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
  Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
  Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attest in burning song and psalm
  How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
  At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
  The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
  From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauquay,
  Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
  Strange floods that Northward rave and fall—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
  Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
  With strangers housed, in stranger lands;—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
  Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
  Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
  And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
  Wake, and behold how night is done;
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
  Bursts the uprising Sun!

Charles George Douglas Roberts.

CXCVII

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye who dwell in the shadow
Of the century's sculptured piles,
Where sleep our century-honoured dead
While the great world thunders overhead,

And far out miles on miles,
Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,
The blue Thames dimples and smiles;
Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of the splendid thousand years,
Of Britain's might and Britain's right
And the brunt of British spears.

Not yours alone, for the great world round
Ready to dare and do,
Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,
And the Northman's courage for blessing or bane
Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile
With the green isle under her lee;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts,
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

England, England, England,
Wherever the daring heart
By Arctic floe or torrid strand
Thy heroes play their part;
For as long as conquest holds the earth,
Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By orient jungle or western plain,
Will the Saxon spirit be.

And whatever the people that dwell beneath,
Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
Is the flag of England flung.
Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done
And the last great battle is fought;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great fight
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,
Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
Till faith and freedom be fled,
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many-chambered vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled dust in dust,
To all that is best in the world's unrest,
In heart and mind you are wed.
While out from the Indian jungle
To the far Canadian snows,
Over the east and over the west,
Over the worst and over the best,
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
The blood-red ensign blows.

William Wilfred Campbell.

CXCVIII

THE WORLD-MOTHER

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
Or orient jungle or western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
  Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
  Or wrapt in wide-world honour sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave,
  She kens her latest heroes rest,
With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,
  And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home.—Her mother love
  Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,
Where Arthur's castle looms above,
  Or Strathy storms or Solway raves.

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
  In olden love of clouds and dew;
Where Trossach unto Stirling sends
  Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,
  Her dust of legend in his breast,
'Neath agèd Dryburgh's aisle and keep,
  Her Wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,
  More loved than any singer loved
By heart of man amidst those rare,
  High souls the world hath tried and proved;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,
  Wherever Scotsmen greet together,
And, far-out alien scenes among,
  Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest wayward child,
  Her Louis of the magic pen,
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
  Far, far, alas! from misted glen;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
  Beyond all common poet's whim;—
In dreams the whaups are calling low,
  In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
  E'er drew the blade of daring forth,
Her Colin under Indian sun,
  Her Donald of the fighting North.

Or he, her greatest hero, he
  Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,
Brave Gordon, mightiest of those free,
  Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
  Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
  She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
  By purpling peak or reeling foam;
From western ridge or orient side,
  She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far, from east to western sea,
  The answering word comes back to her:—
'Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,
  We answered to the blood astir;

The life by Kelpie loch was dull,
  The homeward slothful work was done,
We followed where the world was full,
  To dree the weird our fates had spun.

We built the brig, we reared the town,
  We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,
We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and frown,
  Where all the world's four corners team.

But under all the surge of life,
  The mad race-fight for mastery,
Though foremost in the surgent strife,
  Our hearts went back, went back to thee.'

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
  And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,
But through all the yearnings of men that go,
  His heart is the heart of the northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
  And the humming pipes of the squirling din;
And his love is the love of the shieling door,
  And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
  Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,
'Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,
  He yearns to the Mother of men at last.

For there's something strong and something true
  In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue,
  That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
  He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,
  But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
  He weaves their creeds with an iron twist,
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
  He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
  This mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
  She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
  She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,
  'Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost.'

William Wilfred Campbell.

CXCIX

QUEBEC

FIERCE on this bastion beats the noon-day sun;
The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey;
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.
No breeze comes from the northern hills which run
Circling the blue mist of the summer's day;
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

What thunders shook these silent crags of yore!
What smoke of battle rolled up plain and gorge
While two worlds closed in strife for one brief span!
What echoes still come ringing back once more!
For on these heights of old God set His forge;
His strokes wrought here the destinies of man.

Frederick George Scott.

CC

IN MEMORIAM

GROWING to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Pillowed where they fought and bled,
The loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Toil and sorrow come with age,
Manhood's rightful heritage;

Toil our arms more strong shall render,
Sorrow make our heart more tender,
In the heartlessness of time;
Honour lays a wreath sublime—
Deathless glory—where they bled,
Our loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's new-made grave;
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us,
But the future spreads before us
Glorious in that sunset land—
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shed,
But the dead, the glorious dead!

Lay them where they fought and fell;
Every heart shall ring their knell,
For the lessons they have taught us,
For the glory they have brought us.
Tho' our hearts are sad and bowed,
Nobleness still makes us proud—
Proud of light their names will shed
In the roll-call of our dead!

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep
Where the call of duty led,
Where the lonely prairies spread,
Where for us they fought and bled,
Our ever loved and glorious dead!

Frederick George Scott.

CCI

A WORD FROM CANADA

LEST it be said
One sits at ease
Westward, beyond the outer seas,
Who thanks me not that my decrees
Fall light as love, nor bends her knees
To make one prayer
That peace my latter days may find,—
Lest all these bitter things be said
And we be counted as one dead,
Alone and unaccredited
I give this message to the wind:

Secure in thy security,
Though children, not unwise are we;
And filled with unplumbed love for thee,—
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see!
Where the grey bergs
Come down from Labrador, and where
The long Pacific rollers break
Against the pines, for thy word's sake
Each listeneth,—alive, awake,
And with thy strength made strong to dare.

And though our love is strong as spring,
Sweet is it, too,—as sweet a thing
As when the first swamp-robins sing
Unto the dawn their welcoming.
Yea, and more sweet
Than the clean savour of the reeds
Where yesterday the June floods were,—
Than perfumed piles of new cut fir
That greet the forest-worshipper
Who follows where the wood-road leads.

But unto thee are all unknown
These things by which the worth is shown
Of our deep love; and, near thy throne,
The glory thou hast made thine own
Hath made men blind

To all that lies not to their hand,—
But what thy strength and theirs hath done:
As though they had beheld the sun
When the noon-hour and March are one
Wide glare across our white, white land.

For what reck they of *Empire*,—they,
Whose will two hemispheres obey?
Why shouldst thou not count us but clay
For them to fashion as they may
In London-town?
The dwellers in the wilderness
Rich tribute yield to thee their friend;
From the flood unto the world's end
Thy London ships ascend, descend,
Gleaning—and to thy feet regress.

Yea, surely they think not at all
Of us, nor note the outer wall
Around thy realm imperial
Our slow hands rear as the years fall;
Which shall withstand
The stress of time and night of doom;
For we, who build, build of our love,—
Not as they built, whose empires throve
And died,—for what knew they thereof
In old Assyria, Egypt, Rome?

Therefore, in my dumb country's stead,
I come to thee, unheralded,
Praying that Time's peace may be shed
Upon thine high, anointed head,
—One with the wheat,
The mountain pine, the prairie trail,
The lakes, the thronging ships thereon,
The valley of the blue Saint John,
New France—her lilies,—not alone
Empress, I bid the, Hail!

Francis Sherman.

CCII

CANADA TO ENGLAND

SANG one of England in his island home:
  'Her veins are million, but her heart is one;'
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland isle
  To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

And we among the northland plains and lakes,
  We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
  And feel the clasp of England's outstretched hand.

For we are they who wandered far from home
  To swell the glory of an ancient name;
Who journeyed seaward on an exile long,
  When fortune's twilight to our island came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway waste
  Binds with a silent thread our sea-cleft strands,
Till ocean dwindles and the sea-waste shrinks,
  And England mingles with a hundred lands.

And weaving silently all far-off shores
  A thousand singing wires stretch round the earth,
Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,
  Till all lands die to make one glorious birth.

So we remote compatriots reply,
  And feel the world-task only half begun:
'We are the girders of the ageing earth,
  Whose veins are million, but whose heart is one.'

Arthur Stringer.

CCIII

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS

WIDE are the plains to the north and the westward;
  Drear are the skies to the west and the north—
Little they cared, as they snatched up their rifles,
  And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.

Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
  Stretching out far to the grey of the sky—
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-
    room,
  Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets;
  Firm and erect was each man in his place;
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans;
  Smiling and fearless was every face;
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them;
  Never a fear of war's terrible scenes;
'Brave as the bravest,' was stamped on each face of
    them;
  Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
  Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed;
Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of
    him,
  Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
  Seeing the lover from whom she must part;
Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
  Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
  Beat as it never had beaten before;
Every voice of us, choked though it may have been,
  Broke from huzza to a deafening roar.
Proud! were we proud of them? God! they were
    part of us,
  Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight;
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
  Eager to battle for her and the right.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
  Stretching out far to the grey of the sky—
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack-
    room,
  Shoulder to shoulder, if need be, to die.

Was there one flinched? Not a boy, not a boy of them;
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt—
Fill up your glasses and drink to them, all of them,
Canada's call found them all at the front.

Stuart Livingston.

VI

INDIA

CCIV

THE HINDU'S ADDRESS TO THE GANGES

The waves are dashing proudly down
    Along thy sounding shore;
Lashing, with all the storm of power,
The craggy base of mountain tower,
    Of mosque, and pagod hoar,
That darkly o'er thy waters frown,
As if their moody spirit's sway
Could hush their wild and boist'rous play!

Unconscious roll the surges down,
    But not unconscious thou,
Dread Spirit of the rolling flood,
For ages worshipped as a God,
    And worshipped even now,
Worshipped, and not by serf or clown,
For sages of the mightiest fame
Have paid their homage to thy name.

Canst thou forget the glorious past,
    When mighty as a God,
With hands and heart unfettered yet,
And eyes with slavish tears unwet,
    Each sable warrior trod
Thy sacred shore, before the blast
Of Moslem conquest hurried by,
Ere yet the Mogul spear was nigh?

O'er crumbled thrones thy waters glide,
    Through scenes of blood and woe;
And crown and kingdom, might and sway,
The victor's and the poet's bay,
    Ignobly sleep below;
Sole remnant of our ancient pride,
Thy waves survive the wreck of time,
And wanton free as in their prime.

Alas, alas, all round how drear,
    How mangled and how torn!
Where are the damsels proud and gay,
Where warriors in their dread array,
    'In Freedom's temple born?'
Can heroes sleep? Can patriots fear?
Or is the spark for ever gone,
That lights the soul from sire to son?

I gaze upon thy current strong
    Beneath the blaze of day;
What conjured visions throng my sight,
Of war and carnage, death and flight!
    Thy waters to the Bay
In purple eddies sweep along,
And Freedom shrieking leaves the shrine,
    Alas! no longer now divine.

Roll, Gunga, roll in all thy pride
    Thy hallowed groves among!
Still glorious thou in every mood,
Thou boast of India's widowhood,
    Thou theme of every song!
Blent with the murmurs of thy tide
The records of far ages lie,
And live, for thou canst never die!

Shoshee Chunder Dutt.

THEOLOGY IN EXTREMIS

Oft in the pleasant summer years,
  Reading the tales of days bygone,
I have mused on the story of human tears,
  All that man unto man has done,
Massacre, torture, and black despair;
Reading it all in my easy-chair.

Passionate prayer for a minute's life;
  Tortured crying for death as rest;
Husband pleading for child or wife,
  Pitiless stroke upon tender breast.
Was it all real as that I lay there
Lazily stretched on my easy-chair?

Could I believe in those hard old times,
  Here in this safe luxurious age?
Were the horrors invented to season rhymes,
  Or truly is man so fierce in his rage?
What could I suffer, and what could I dare?
I who was bred to that easy-chair.

They were my fathers, the men of yore,
  Little they recked of a cruel death;
They would dip their hands in a heretic's gore,
  They stood and burnt for a rule of faith.
What would I burn for, and whom not spare?
I, who had faith in an easy-chair.

Now do I see old tales are true,
  Here in the clutch of a savage foe;
Now shall I know what my fathers knew,
  Bodily anguish and bitter woe,
Naked and bound in the strong sun's glare,
Far from my civilised easy-chair.

Now have I tasted and understood
  The old-world feeling of mortal hate;
For the eyes all round us are hot with blood;
  They will kill us coolly—they do but wait;
While I, I would sell ten lives, at least,
For one fair stroke at that devilish priest,

Just in return for the kick he gave,
  Bidding me call on the prophet's name;
Even a dog by this may save
  Skin from the knife and soul from the flame;
My soul! if he can let the prophet burn it,
But life is sweet if a word may earn it.

A bullock's death, and at thirty years!
  Just one phrase, and a man gets off it;
Look at that mongrel clerk in his tears
  Whining aloud the name of the prophet;
Only a formula easy to patter,
And, God Almighty, what *can* it matter?

'Matter enough,' will my comrade say
  Praying aloud here close at my side,
'Whether you mourn in despair alway,
  Cursed for ever by Christ denied;
Or whether you suffer a minute's pain
All the reward of Heaven to gain.'

Not for a moment faltereth he,
  Sure of the promise and pardon of sin;
Thus did the martyrs die, I see,
  Little to lose and muckle to win;
Death means Heaven, he longs to receive it,
But what shall I do if I don't believe it?

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,
  Fain would I speak one word and be spared;
Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,
  If I were only sure God cared;
If I had faith, and were only certain
That light is behind that terrible curtain.

But what if He listeth nothing at all,
  Of words a poor wretch in his terror may say?
That mighty God who created all
  To labour and live their appointed day;
Who stoops not either to bless or ban,
Weaving the woof of an endless plan.

He is the Reaper, and binds the sheaf,
  Shall not the season its order keep?
Can it be changed by a man's belief?
  Millions of harvests still to reap;
Will God reward, if I die for a creed,
Or will He but pity, and sow more seed?

Surely He pities who made the brain,
  When breaks that mirror of memories sweet,
When the hard blow falleth, and never again
  Nerve shall quiver nor pulse shall beat;
Bitter the vision of vanishing joys;
Surely He pities when man destroys.

Here stand I on the ocean's brink,
  Who hath brought news of the further shore?
How shall I cross it? Sail or sink,
  One thing is sure, I return no more;
Shall I find haven, or aye shall I be
Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea?

They tell fair tales of a far-off land,
  Of love rekindled, of forms renewed;
There may I only touch one hand
  Here life's ruin will little be rued;
But the hand I have pressed and the voice I
    have heard,
To lose them for ever, and all for a word!

Now do I feel that my heart must break
  All for one glimpse of a woman's face;
Swiftly the slumbering memories wake
  Odour and shadow of hour and place;
One bright ray through the darkening past
Leaps from the lamp as it brightens last,

Showing me summer in western land
  Now, as the cool breeze murmureth
In leaf and flower—And here I stand
  In this plain all bare save the shadow of
    death;
Leaving my life in its full noonday,
And no one to know why I flung it away.

Why? Am I bidding for glory's roll?
  I shall be murdered and clean forgot;
Is it a bargain to save my soul?
  God, whom I trust in, bargains not;
Yet for the honour of English race,
May I not live or endure disgrace.

Ay, but the word, if I could have said it,
  I by no terrors of hell perplext;
Hard to be silent and have no credit
  From man in this world, or reward in the next;
None to bear witness and reckon the cost
Of the name that is saved by the life that is lost.

I must be gone to the crowd untold
  Of men by the cause which they served unknown,
Who moulder in myriad graves of old;
  Never a story and never a stone
Tells of the martyrs who die like me,
Just for the pride of the old countree.

Sir Alfred Lyall.

CCVI

THE RESIDENCY CHURCHYARD

From domes and palaces I bent my way
Where, like some Titan by Jove's thunder marred,
From the old battered portal-towers that guard
The storied ruins of a glorious fray.
In patient stillness house and bastion lay,
As they had fallen; for the fight was hard
That saw their walls by myriad bullets scarred,
When those few steadfast warriors stood at bay.
There, by the English tombs of those that fell
In that fierce struggle 'twixt the East and West,
A few green mounds are seen, where peaceful rest
India's brave sons who perished fighting well
For England too. What heart its feud can keep
Beside these graves where our dark comrades sleep?

William Trego Webb.

CCVII

THE MEMORIAL WELL

SPEAK gently, gently tread,
  And breathe one sigh profound;
In memory of the dead
  Each spot is holy ground.

Theirs was no common doom,
  And some were young to die;
Within this narrow tomb
  Women and infants lie.

They drank the bitter cup
  Of fear and anguish deep,
Ere they were rendered up
  To death's unruffled sleep.

Meek be our sorrow here,
  For them we could not save;
And soft be Pity's tear
  Above the children's grave.

Quenched here be passion's heat,
  Let strife and vengeance cease;
Within their garden sweet
  Leave them to rest in peace.

For Nature hath made clean
  This place of human guilt;
And now the turf is green
  Where English blood was spilt.

Earth's healing hand hath spread
  Her flowers about their tomb;
Around the quiet dead
  Trees wave and roses bloom.

Then lift not wrathful hands,
  But pass in silence by;
Their carven Angel stands
  And watches where they lie.

William Trego Webb.

CCVIII

SPRING IN CALCUTTA

THE cool and pleasant days are past,
  The sun above the horizon towers;
And Eastern Spring, arriving fast,
  Leads on too soon the sultry hours.

From greener height the palm looks down;
  A livelier hue the peepuls share;
And sunlit poinsianas crown
  With golden wreaths their branches bare.

The ships that, by the river's brim,
  At anchor, lift their shining sides
Against the red sun's westering rim,
  Swing to the wash of stronger tides.

No insects hum in sylvan bower;
  In spectral stillness stand the trees;—
Come, blessing of our evening hour,
  Come forth and blow, sweet southern breeze!

To us the ocean freshness lend
  Which from the wave thy breath receives;
Ripple these glassy tanks and send
  A murmur through the silent leaves!

See, blurred with amber haze, the sun
  'Neath yon dim flats doth sink to rest;
And tender thoughts, that homeward run,
  Move fondly with him to the west.

They leave these hot and weary hours,
  The iron fate that girds us round,
And wander 'mid the meadow flowers
  And breezy heights of English ground.

The sun is set; we'll dream no more;
  Vainly for us the vision smiles;—
Why did we quit thy pleasant shore,
  Our happiest of the Happy Isles!

William Trego Webb.

CCIX

THE LUCKNOW GARRISON

STILL stand thy ruins 'neath the Indian sky,
  Memorials eloquent of blood and tears!
O! for the spirit of those days gone by
  To wake a strain amid these later years
Worthy of thee and thine! I seem to see,
  When thinking on thy consecrated dead,
    From thy scarred chambers start
  The heroes whom thy fiery travail bred
And made thee—for us English—what thou art!

Green grows the grass around thy crumbling walls
  Where glorious Lawrence groaned his life away!
And childhood's footsteps echo through those halls
  Wherein thy wounded and thy dying lay!
While blent with infant laughter seems to rise
  The far-off murmur of thy battle roll,
    The prayer—the shout—the groan—
  Outram's unselfish chivalry of soul,
And white-haired Havelock's strong, commanding
    tone!

Yet, what are names? The genius of the spot,
  Born of our womanhood and manhood brave,
Shall fire our children's children! Ne'er forgot
  Shall be the dust of thy historic grave
While Reverence fills the sense with musing calm,
  While Glory stirs the pulse of prince or clown,
    While blooms on British sod
  The glorious flower of our fair renown,
Our English valour and our trust in God!

The memory of the Living! Lo, they stand
  Engirt with honour while the day draws in,
An ever lessening and fraternal band
  Linked in chivalric glory and akin

To earth's immortals! Time may bow the frame
  And plough deep wrinkles 'mid their honoured scars,
    But Death-like Night which brings
  To earth the blaze majestic of the stars,
Shall but enhance their glory with his wings!

The memory of the Dead! A pilgrim, I
  Have bowed my face before thy honoured shrine,
With pride deep-welling while the moments by
  Sped to a human ecstasy divine
Tingling my very blood, to think that they,
  Martyrs and victors in our English need,
    Were children of the earth—
  Yet better—heroes of our island breed
And men and women of our British birth!

John Renton Denning.

CCX

SOLDIERS OF IND

Men of the Hills and men of the Plains, men of the Isles and Sea,
Brothers in bond of battle and blood wherever the battle may be;
A song and a thought for your fighting line, a song for the march and camp,
A song to the beat of the rolling drums, a song to the measured tramp,
When the feet lift up on the dusty road 'neath sun and moon and star,
And the prayer is prayed by mother and maid for their best beloved afar!

What say the Plains—the Plains that stretch along
  From hamlet and from field, from fold and byre?
'Here once toiled one who sang his peasant song
  And now reaps harvest 'mid the tribesmen's fire!

The Spirit of a mightier world than springs
  From his poor village led him on
To glory! Yea—to glory!'—Ever sings
  The Spirit of the Plains when he is gone!

What say the Hills whence come the Gurkha breed—
  The bull-dogs of the East? From crest and vale
Reverberate the echoes, swift they speed
  On falling waters or the mountain gale!
'Our Hillmen brave as lions have gone forth;
  They were our sons; we bred them—even we—
To face thy foemen, Islands of the North,
  We know their worth and sing it thus to thee!'

What say the Passes? There the requiem
  Of battle lingers o'er the undying dead—
'Our Soldiers of the Sun, whose diadem
  Of honour glitters in the nullah bed,
Or by the hillside drear, or dark ravine,
  Or on the *sangared* steep—a solemn ray
That touches thus the thing that once hath been,
  With glory—glory!'—So the Passes say!

And so the great world hears and men's eyes blaze
  As each one to his neighbour cries 'Well done!'
A little thing this speech—this flower of praise,
  Yet let it crown our Soldiers of the Sun!
Not here alone—for here we know them well;
  But tell our English, waiting on the shore
To welcome back *their* heroes: 'Lo! these fell
  Even as ours—as brave—for evermore!'

I hear the roar amid the London street:—
  The earth hath not its equal, whether it be
For ignorance or knowledge, and the feet
  That press therein and eyes that turn to see
Know nothing of our sepoys—let them know
  That here be men beneath whose dark skin runs
A battle-virtue kindred with the glow
  That fires the leaping pulses of their sons!

'Tis worth proclaiming. Yea, it seems to me
  This loyalty—to death—lies close akin
To all the noblest human traits that be,
  Engendered whence we know not—yet within
Choice spirits nobly gathered. Lo! we stand,
  Needs must, against the world, Yet war's alarms
Are nothing to our mightiest Motherland,
  While Nation circles Nation in her arms!

John Renton Denning.

CCXI

SARANSAR

WHAT are the bugles saying
  With a strain so long and so loud?
They say that a soldier's blanket
  Is meet for a soldier's shroud!
They say that their hill-tossed music,
  Blown forth of the living breath,
Is full of the victor's triumph
  And sad with the wail of death!
Bugles of Talavera!

What are the bugles saying?
  They tell of the falling night,
When a section of dog-tired English
  Drew close for a rear-guard fight;
With an officer-boy to lead them,
  A lost and an outflanked squad,
By the grace of a half-learned drill book,
  And a prayer to the unseen God!
Bugles of Talavera!

What are the bugles saying
  Of the stand that was heel to heel?
The click of the quick-pressed lever,
  The glint of the naked steel,

The flame of the steady volley,
  The hope that was almost gone,
As the leaping horde of the tribesmen
  Swept as a tide sweeps on!
    Bugles of Talavera!

What are the bugles saying?
  They say that the teeth are set,
They say that the breath comes thicker,
  And the blood-red Night is wet;
While the rough blunt speech of the English,
  The burr of the shires afar,
Falls with a lone brave pathos
  'Mid the hills of the Saransar!
    Bugles of Talavera!

What are the bugles saying?
  They say that the English there
Feel a breath from their island meadows
  Like incense fill the air!
They say that they stood for a moment
  With their dear ones by their side,
For their spirits swept to the Homeland
  Before the English died!
    Bugles of Talavera!

And aye are the bugles saying,
  While the dust lies low i' the dust,
The strength of a strong man's fighting,
  The crown of the soldier's trust—
The wine of a full-brimmed battle,
  The peace of the quiet grave,
And a wreath from the hands of glory
  Are the guerdon of the brave!
    Bugles of Talavera!

John Renton Denning.

CCXII

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

O GALLANT was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lovers' kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark—
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark—
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped
We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we—
The servants of the sweep-head but the masters of the sea!
By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed and sheered,
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder never blew;
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle through.
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting, Death?
Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a little space.
I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to open main
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sunwash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service—would that service still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the North.

When the niggers break the hatches and the decks
are gay with gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on
the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or
rocket-flare,
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find
her servants there.
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of
years gone by,
To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall
lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted,
shipped away—
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that
day,
When the skies are black above them, and the decks
ablaze beneath,
And the topmen clear the raffle with their clasp-
knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to
row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take
awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her
service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived
and toiled with Men!

Rudyard Kipling.

VII

SOUTH AFRICA

CCXIII

THE DESOLATE VALLEY

FAR up among the forest-belted mountains,
Where Winterberg, stern giant old and grey,
Looks down the subject dells, whose gleaming fountains
To wizard Kat their virgin tribute pay,
A valley opens to the noontide ray,
With green savannahs shelving to the brim
Of the swift river, sweeping on its way
To where Umtóka tries to meet with him,
Like a blue serpent gliding through the acacias dim.

There, couched at night in hunter's wattled shieling,
How wildly-beautiful it was to hear
The elephant his shrill *reveillé* pealing,
Like some far signal-trumpet on the ear!
While the broad midnight moon was shining clear,
How fearful to look forth upon the woods,
And see those stately forest-kings appear,
Emerging from their shadowy solitudes—
As if that trump had woke Earth's old gigantic broods!

Look round that vale! behold the unburied bones
Of Ghona's children withering in the blast!
The sobbing wind, that through the forest moans,
Whispers—'The spirit hath for ever passed!'
Thus, in the vale of desolation vast,
In moral death dark Afric's myriads lie;
But the appointed day shall dawn at last,
When, breathed on by a spirit from on high,
The dry bones shall awake, and shout—
'Our God is nigh!'

Thomas Pringle.

CCXIV

ENGLAND IN SOUTH AFRICA

(1899)

ACROSS the streaming flood, the deep ravine,
  Through hurricanes of shot, through hells of fire,
To rocks where myriad marksmen lurk unseen,
  The steadfast legions mount, mount always higher.

Earth and her elements protect the foe:
  His are the covered trench, the ambushed hill,
The treacherous pit, the sudden secret blow,
  The swift retreat—but ours the conquering will.

Against that will in vain the fatal lead,
  Vain is the stubborn heart, brute cunning vain:
Strong in the triumphs of thy dauntless dead,
  Advance, Imperial Race, advance and reign!

William John Courthope.

CCXV

FOR A GRAVE IN SOUTH AFRICA

WE cheered you forth—brilliant and kind and brave,
Under your country's triumphing flag you fell;
It floats, true heart, over no dearer grave.
Brave and brilliant and kind, hail and farewell!

William Ernest Henley.

CCXVI

ON LEAVING TABLE BAY

SUN-SHOWERED land! largess of golden light
Is thine; and well-befitting since the night
Of England voiced again
Canute's command; ah, not in vain!

Backward the tides of savagery drew;
And still the bright sands gain
On the retreating main:
A lost world leaping to the light and blue.

In state the mountains greet an eve so fair,
And sunset-crowns and robes of purple wear:
A sea of glass the ocean, gold-inwrought—
Pathway apocalyptic. From the prow
A long bright ripple to the land is roll'd. . . .
Haste thee and tell, tell of our love, with lips of gold,
In soft sea-music tell!
And thou, sweet bird, whose snowy wings have caught
The universal glory, carry thou
To that dear shore farewell—our hearts' farewell!

Arthur Vine Hall.

CCXVII

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING

'WELL done!' The cry goes ringing round the world,
O'er land and sea, wherever pulse throbs fast
At tales of courage, for relief at last
Is theirs and ours: so dawn's bright flag unfurled
Hath challenge to the powers of darkness hurled,
And made one glory of the empyrean vast;
And when this day to history's tome is passed
Its name shall stand on golden page impearled.

O God! our Help, our Hope, our Refuge strong
In days of trouble, still be Thou our Guide;
So shall we pass the coming days along
In certain trust whatever may betide,
And on Thine Empire shine the glorious sun
Till at last Thou say to her 'Well done!'

Hilda Mary Agnes Cook.

CCXVIII

THE VANGUARD

(1842)

By the Boer lines at Congella,
  Where the west wind sheds its rain,
All the yellow sands grew crimson
  With the wounded and the slain.

Etched upon the deadly sky-line,
  Mark for guns behind each dune,
Flashed the silver of the bayonets
  In the lethal night's high noon.

Far across the bay the booming
  Of the cannon rose and fell;
Echoing to bluff and island,
  Rang the soldier's passing-bell.

Blood of England shed for Empire
  At our southern Trasimene—
Such it is that fosters heroes,
  Keeps the graves of valour green.

All life's nobler thoughts are strengthened
  By the valiance of our sires,
As it glows undimmed, undying,
  Like Rome's cherished vestal-fires.

Ever burning—happy omen
  For the progress of the State!
Patriots give their lives as incense
  On the altars reared by Fate.

Such pure light streamed o'er the cities
  Of the pulsing Punic world;
Lit their galleys through the Pillars
  Of the West, with sails unfurled.

In wild camps it thrilled Rome's legions,
  Stemmed the East at Marathon;
Bore sea-heroes through the Syrtes,
  Through strange seas and tropic dawn.

Diaz and Da Gama snatched it
  From their Lusitanian pyre;
Bore it over hungry surges
  To the Cape of Storms and Fire;

And it gleamed upon our verdure
  From their storm-vexed caravel—
Land of afternoon undying—
  O'er tired visions cast its spell.

Clear the deathless flame was glowing
  By the wide bay's tender blue,
When their blood was shed for England
  By the men of 'Forty-two.

Robert Russell.

VIII
AUSTRALIA

CCXIX

DAMPIER'S DREAM

THE seaman slept—all nature sleeps; a sacred stillness there
Is on the wood—is on the waves—is in the silver air.
The sky above—the silent sea—with stars were all aglow;
There shone Orion and his belt—Arcturus and his bow!
The seaman slept—or does he sleep?—what chorus greets him now?—
Wild music breaking from the deep around the vessel's bow?
He starts, he looks, he sees rise shadowy—can he only dream?
A sovereign form, wrathful, yet beauteous—in the moon's cold beam!

'Mortal, hath fallen my star in the hour
Of the dread eclipse, that thou scornest my power?
Herald thus soon of that mystic race
Fated to reign in my people's place,
Bringing arts of might—working wondrous spells
Where now but the simple savage dwells;
Before whom my children shall pass away,
As the morntide passes before the day.
The time is not yet, why dost thou come,
The bale of thy presence to cast o'er my home?
Its shadow of doom is on air and waves—
E'en the still soft gloom of my deep sea caves
A shudder has reached; over shore and bay
Bodeful the shivering moonbeams play!
The Spirit of this zone am I—
Mine are the isles and yon mainlands nigh;

And roused from my rest by the wood-wraith's
sigh,
And the sea-maid's moan on the coral reef—
Voices never till now foreboding grief—
Hither I fly—
Here at the gate of my South Sea realm
To bid thee put back thy fateful helm!
Not yet is the hour, why art thou here
Presaging dole, and scaith, and fear?'

Not yet is the time—
Woe-bringer, go back to thy cloud-wrapped clime!
Meeter for thee the drear Northern sky,
And where wintry breakers ceaseless roar,
And strew with wrecks a dusky shore;
Where the iceberg rears its awful form,
Where along the billows the petrels cry—
For, like thee, that dark bird loves the storm!
Thou child of the clime of the Vikings wild—
Who wert nursed upon the tempest's wing,
A boy on the wind-beaten mast to cling—
Whose quest is prey, who hailest the day
When gleam the red swords and the death-bolts
ring!
Thy joy is with restless men and seas,
What dost thou in scenes as soft as these?

The hour is not yet, but the doom appears
As I gaze thro' the haze of long distant years.
A mighty people speaking thy tongue,
Sea-borne from their far, dark strands
Shall spread abroad over all these lands
Where man now lives as when Time was young.
I see their stately cities rise
Thro' the clouds where the future's horizon lies;
Thro' the purple mists shrouding river and plain,
Where the white-foaming bay marks the hidden
main;
And clearer now—I behold more clear
Great ships—sails swelling to the breeze,

Their keels break all the virgin seas;
Vast white-winged squadrons, they come and go
Where only has skimmed the light canoe!
Yes, the seats and the paths of empire veer,
A highway of nations will yet be here!
As Tyre was in an ancient age;
As Venice of palaces, strong and sage;
As the haughty ports of your native shore
Whose fleets override the waters' rage,
So shall the pride of yon cities soar.
From the frigid Pole to the torrid Line,
Their sway shall stretch—their standards shine!'

Gerald Henry Supple.

CCXX

BY FLOOD AND FIELD

I REMEMBER the lowering wintry morn,
And the mist on the Cotswold hills,
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,
Not far from the seven rills.
Jack Esdale was there, and Hugh St. Clair,
Bob Chapman, and Andrew Kerr,
And big George Griffiths on Devil-May-Care,
And—black Tom Oliver.
And one who rode on a dark brown steed,
Clean-jointed, sinewy, spare,
With the lean game head of the Blacklock breed,
And the resolute eye that loves the lead,
And the quarters massive and square—
A tower of strength, with a promise of speed
(There was Celtic blood in the pair).

I remember how merry a start we got,
When the red fox broke from the gorse,
In a country so deep, with a scent so hot,
That the hound could outpace the horse;

I remember how few in the front rank show'd,
  How endless appeared the tail,
On the brown hillside, where we cross'd the road
  And headed towards the vale.
The dark brown steed on the left was there,
  On the right was a dappled grey,
And between the pair on a chestnut mare
  The duffer who writes this lay.
What business had 'this child' there to ride?
  But little or none at all;
Yet I hold my own for awhile in the pride
  That goeth before a fall.
Though rashness can hope but for one result,
  We are heedless when fate draws nigh us,
And the maxim holds good, '*Quem perdere vult*
  Deus dementat prius.'

The right-hand man to the left-hand said,
  As down in the vale we went,
'Harden your heart like a millstone, Ned,
  And set your face as flint;
Solid and tall is the rasping wall
  That stretches before us yonder;
You must have it at speed or not at all,
  'Twere better to halt than to ponder;
For the stream runs wide on the take off side,
  And washes the clay bank under;
Here goes for a pull, 'tis a madman's ride,
  And a broken neck if you blunder!'

No word in reply his comrade spoke,
  Nor waver'd, nor once look'd round,
But I saw him shorten his horse's stroke
  As we splash'd through the marshy ground;
I remember the laugh that all the while
  On his quiet features played:—
So he rode to his death, with that careless smile,
  In the van of the Light Brigade;
So stricken by Russian grape, the cheer
  Rang out while he toppled back,
From the shattered lungs as merry and clear
  As it did when it roused the pack.

Let never a tear his memory stain,
  Give his ashes never a sigh,
One of the many who fell—not in vain—
  A TYPE OF OUR CHIVALRY!

I remember one thrust he gave to his hat,
  And two to the flanks of the brown,
And still as a statue of old he sat,
  And he shot to the front, hands down;
I remember the snort and the stag-like bound
  Of the steed six lengths to the fore,
And the laugh of the rider while, landing sound,
He turned in his sadle and glanced around;
  I remember—but little more,
Save a bird's-eye gleam of the dashing stream,
  A jarring thud on the wall,
A shock, and the blank of a nightmare's dream,—
  I was down with a stunning fall!

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

CCXXI

FULFILMENT

(*January* 1, 1901)

AH, now we know the long delay
But served to assure a prouder day,
  For while we waited, came the call
    To prove and make our title good—
  To face the fiery ordeal
    That tries the claim to Nationhood—
And now, in pride of challenge, we unroll,
For all the world to read, the record-scroll
Whose bloody script attests a Nation's soul.

O ye, our Dead, who at the call
Fared forth to fall as heroes fall,
  Whose consecrated souls we failed
    To note beneath the common guise
  Till all-revealing Death unveiled
    The splendour of your sacrifice,

Now, crowned with more than perishable bays,
Immortal in your country's love and praise,
Ye too have portion in this day of days!

And ye who sowed where now we reap,
Whose waiting eyes, now sealed in sleep,
  Beheld far off with prescient sight
    This triumph of rejoicing lands—
  Yours too the day! for though its light
    Can pierce not to your folded hands,
These shining hours of advent but fulfil
The cherished purpose of your constant will
Whose onward impulse liveth in us still.

Still lead thou vanward of our line
Who, shaggy, massive, leonine,
  Couldst yet most finely phrase the event—
    For if a Pisgah view was all
  Vouchsafed to thine uncrowned intent,
    The echoes of thy herald-call
Not faintlier strive with our saluting guns,
And at thy words through all Australia's sons
The 'crimson thread of kinship' redder runs.

But not the memory of the dead,
How loved soe'er each sacred head,
  To-day can change from glad to grave
    The chords that quire a Nation born—
  Twin-offspring of the birth that gave,
    When yester-midnight chimed to morn,
Another age to the Redeemer's reign,
Another cycle to the widening gain
Of Good o'er Ill and Remedy o'er Pain.

Our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,
Our bounds the girdling seas alone—
  Be this the burden of the psalm
    That every resonant hour repeats,
  Till day-fall dusk the fern and palm
    That forest our transfigured streets,

And night still vibrant with the note of praise
Thrill brotherhearts to song in woodland ways,
When gum-leaves whisper o'er the camp-fire's
blaze.

. . . . . .

The Charter's read; the rites are o'er;
The trumpet's blare and cannon's roar
Are silent, and the flags are furled;
But not so ends the task to build
Into the fabric of the world
The substance of our hope fulfilled—
To work as those who greatly have divined
The lordship of a continent assigned
As God's own gift for service of mankind.

O People of the onward will,
Unit of Union greater still
Than that to-day hath made you great,
Your true Fulfilment waiteth there,
Embraced within the larger fate
Of Empire ye are born to share—
No vassal progeny of subject brood,
No satellite shed from Britain's plenitude,
But orbed with *her* in one wide sphere of
good!

James Brunton Stephens.

CCXXII

THE BIRTH OF AUSTRALIA

Not 'mid the thunder of the battle guns,
Not on the red field of an Empire's wrath,
Rose to a nation Australasia's sons,
Who trod to greatness Industry's pure path.
Behold a people through whose annals runs
No damning stain of falsehood, force or wrong,—
A record clear as light, and sweet as song,
Without one page the patriot's finger shuns!

Where 'mid the legends of old Rome, or Greece,
Glows such a tale? Thou canst not answer, Time!
With shield unsullied by a single crime,
With wealth of gold and still more golden fleece,
Forth stands Australia, in her birth sublime,—
The only nation from the womb of Peace!

Percy Russell.

CCXXIII

THE WAR OF THE FUTURE

THERE are boys to-day in the city slum and the home of wealth and pride
Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and fight for it side by side,
Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that batter a coasted town,
Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come crashing down;
And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her home to-day,
Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of our dawn away—
Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud of the distant gun,
And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle is lost or won,—
As a mother or wife, in the years to come, will kneel, mild-eyed and white,
And pray to God in her darkened home for the 'men in the fort to-night.'

But, O! if the cavalry charge again as they did when the world was wide,
'Twill be grand in the ranks of a thousand men in that glorious race to ride,
And strike for all that is true and strong, for all that is grand and brave,
And all that ever shall be, so long as man has a soul to save.

He must lift the saddle, and close his 'wings,' and
shut his angels out,
And steel his heart for the end of things, who'd ride
with the stockman scout,
When the race is rode on the battle track, and the
waning distance hums,
And the shelled sky shrieks or the rifles crack like
stockwhips amongst the gums—
And the 'straight' is reached, and the field is
'gapped,' and the hoof-torn sward grows red
With the blood of those who are handicapped with
iron and steel and lead;
And the gaps are filled, though unseen by eyes, with
the spirit and with the shades
Of the world-wide rebel dead who'll rise and rush
with the Bush Brigades.

All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give
every class its due—
And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride
of the jackeroo.
They'll fight for honour, and fight for love, and a few
will fight for gold,
For the devil below, and for God above, as our
fathers fought of old;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some
stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,
For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old
eternal pride.
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the
chase and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur
of defeat.

They'll tell the tales of the 'nights before' and the
tales of the ship and fort,
Till the sons of Australia take to war as their fathers
took to sport,
Their breath come deep and their eyes grow bright
at the tales of chivalry,
And every boy will want to fight, no matter what
cause it be—

When the children run to the doors and cry, 'O, mother, the troops are come!'
And every heart in the town leaps high at the first loud thud of the drum.
They'll know, apart from its mystic charm, what music is at last,
When, proud as a boy with a broken arm, the regiment marches past;
And the veriest wreck in the drink-fiend's clutch, no matter how low or mean,
Will feel, when he hears the march, a touch of the man he might have been.
And fools, when the fiends of war are out and the city skies aflame,
Will have something better to talk about than a sister's or brother's shame,
Will have something nobler to do by far than to jest at a friend's expense,
Or to blacken a name in a public bar or over a back-yard fence.
And this you learn from the libelled past (though its methods were somewhat rude),
A nation's born when the shells fall fast, or its lease of life renewed;—
We in part atone for the ghoulish strife—for the crimes of the peace we boast—
And the better part of a people's life in the storm comes uppermost.

Henry Lawson.

CCXXIV

A FAMILY MATTER

Come, my hearties—work will stand—
Here's your Mother calling!—
Wants us all to lend a hand,
And go out Uncle-Pauling.

Catch your nags, and saddle slick,
  Quick to join the banners!
Folks that treat the fam'ly thick
  Must be taught their manners.

Who would potter round a farm
  Fearful of clubbed gunstroke,
And, keeping cosy out of harm,
  Die of loafer's sunstroke?
Gusts of distant battle-noise
  Tell that men are falling;
Get your guns, my bonny boys,
  Here's your Mother calling!

Buckle on your cartridge belts,
  Waste no time about it!
Force is massing on the veldts,
  We must off and rout it.
What if fate should work its worst!
  Men can grin in falling;
Come on, chaps, and be the first,—
  Here's your Mother calling!

Arthur Maquarie.

CCXXV

THE DWELLINGS OF OUR DEAD

They lie unwatched, in waste and vacant places,
In sombre bush or wind-swept tussock spaces,
  Where seldom human tread
And never human trace is—
  The dwellings of our dead!

No insolence of stone is o'er them builded;
By mockery of monuments unshielded,
  Far on the unfenced plain
Forgotten graves have yielded
  Earth to free earth again.

Above their crypts no air with incense reeling,
No chant of choir or sob of organ pealing;
But ever over them
The evening breezes kneeling
Whisper a requiem.

For some the margeless plain where no one passes,
Save when at morning far in misty masses
The drifting flock appears.
Lo, here the greener grasses
Glint like a stain of tears!

For some the common trench where, not all fameless,
They fighting fell who thought to tame the tameless,
And won their barren crown;
Where one grave holds them nameless—
Brave white and braver brown.

But, in their sleep, like troubled children turning,
A dream of mother-country in them burning,
They whisper their despair,
And one vague, voiceless yearning
Burdens the pausing air. . . .

'Unchanging here the drab year onward presses,
No Spring comes trysting here with new-loosed tresses,
And never may the years
Win Autumn's sweet caresses—
Her leaves that fall like tears.

And we would lie 'neath old-remembered beeches,
Where we could hear the voice of him who preaches
And the deep organ's call,
While close about us reaches
The cool, grey, lichened wall.'

But they are ours, and jealously we hold them;
Within our children's ranks we have enrolled them,
And till all Time shall cease
Our brooding bush shall fold them
In her broad-bosomed peace.

They came as lovers come, all else forsaking,
The bonds of home and kindred proudly breaking;
They lie in splendour lone—
The nation of their making
Their everlasting throne!

Arthur Adams.

CCXXVI

THE BUSH, MY LOVER

THE camp-fire gleams resistance
To every twinkling star;
The horse-bells in the distance
Are jangling faint and far;
Through gum-boughs lorn and lonely
The passing breezes sigh;
In all the world are only
My star-crowned Love and I.

The still night wraps Macquarie;
The white moon, drifting slow,
Takes back her silver glory
From watching waves below;
To dalliance I give over,
Though half the world may chide,
And clasp my one true Lover
Here on Macquarie side.

The loves of earth grow olden
Or kneel at some new shrine;
Her locks are always golden—
This brave Bush-Love of mine;

And for her star-lit beauty,
  And for her dawns dew-pearled,
Her name in love and duty
  I guard against the world.

They curse her desert places!
  How can they understand,
Who know not what her face is
  And never held her hand?—
Who may have heard the meeting
  Of boughs the wind has stirred,
Yet missed the whispered greeting
  Our listening hearts have heard.

For some have travelled over
  The long miles at her side,
Yet claimed her not as Lover
  Nor thought of her as Bride:
And some have followed after
  Through sun and mist for years,
Nor held the sunshine laughter,
  Nor guessed the raindrops tears.

If we some white arms' folding,
  Some warm, red mouth should miss—
Her hand is ours for holding,
  Her lips are ours to kiss;
And closer than a lover
  She shares our lightest breath,
And droops her great wings over
  To shield us to the death.

The winds of Dawn are roving,
  The river-oaks astir . . .
What heart were lorn of loving
  That had no Love but her?
Till last red stars are lighted
  And last winds wander West,
Her troth and mine are plighted—
  The Lover I love best!

William Ogilvie.

CCXXVII

A FEDERAL SONG

In the greyness of the dawning we have seen the pilot-star,
In the whisper of the morning we have heard the years afar.
Shall we sleep and let them be
When they call to you and me?
Can we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?
For the Flag is floating o'er us,
And the track is clear before us;—
From the desert to the ocean let us lift the mighty chorus
For the days that are to be.

We have flung the challenge forward:—'Brothers stand or fall as one!'
She is coming out to meet us in the splendour of the sun;—
From the graves beneath the sky
Where her nameless heroes lie,
From the forelands of the Future they are waiting our reply!
We can face the roughest weather
If we only hold together,
Marching forward to the Future, marching shoulder-firm together;
For the Nation yet to be.

All the greyness of the dawning, all the mists are overpast;
In the glory of the morning we shall see her face at last.
He who sang, 'She yet will be,'
He shall hail her, crowned and free!

Could we break the land asunder God had girdled
with the sea?
For the Flag is floating o'er us,
And the star of Hope before us,
From the desert to the ocean, brothers, lift the
mighty chorus
For Australian Unity!

George Essex Evans.

CCXXVIII

FLINDERS

He left his island home
For leagues of sleepless foam,
For stress of alien seas,
Where wild winds ever blow;
For England's sake he sought
Fresh fields of fame, and fought
A stormy world for these,
A hundred years ago.

And where the Austral shore
Heard southward far the roar
Of rising tides that came
From lands of ice and snow,
Beneath a gracious sky
To fadeless memory
He left a deathless name
A hundred years ago.

Yea, left a name sublime
From that wild dawn of Time,
Whose light he haply saw
In supreme sunrise flow,
And from the shadows vast,
That filled the dim dead past,
A brighter glory draw,
A hundred years ago.

Perchance, he saw in dreams
Beside our sunlit streams
In some majestic hour
Old England's banners blow;
Mayhap, the radiant morn
Of this great nation born,
August with perfect power,
A hundred years ago.

We know not,—yet for thee
Far may the season be,
Whose harp in shameful sleep
Is soundless lying low!
Far be the noteless hour
That holds of fame no flower
For those who dared our deep
A hundred years ago!

John Bernard O'Hara.

CCXXIX

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH

Lo, 'tis the light of the morn
Over the mountains breaking,
And our Empire's day is born,
The life of a Nation waking
To the triumph of regal splendour,
To the voice of conquering fate
That cries 'No longer wait!'
To the rising hopes that send her
Fearless upon her way
With no thoughts of her yesterday,
But dreams of a mighty State
Great 'mid the old grave nations,
Divine in her aspirations;
Blest be the men who brought her,
Freedom's starriest daughter,
Out of the night
Into the light,

A power and a glory for evermore!—
Let the old world live in the pages
Time wrote in the dark of the ages,
For us 'tis the light of the morning breaking on sea and shore!

They found her a maiden with dower
Only of seasons sunny,
Blue skies and the frail white flower
Of Peace with its song's sweet honey,
And the joy of her wild seas flinging
Their voices on fairy strands
Where only the winds' soft singing
Broke on the sleep of day,
Or a whistling spear by the dim green way
Of the water and the lands.
Green were the woodlands round her,
Blue were the seas that bound her,
Soft was the sky above her,
A dreamily lonely lover;
Streams and dells
And the mountain wells,
And the voice of the forest were hers alone,
And the life of the grim grave ranges,
The night and the noon and the changes
Of light on the topmost peaks when the rose of the dawn was blown.

Lift up thine honoured head!
The skies are all aflame;
The east to morn is wed;
Lift up thine honoured head,
And fearless keep thy fame!
There is work for thee to do,
A nation's work is thine;
O land, belovèd, mine!
Gird thee for life anew!
With strength, that fails not, keep
Thy pathway bright with Good;

Let Honour, Justice, sweep
Aside the weeds that creep—
Grim Error, Unbelief,
And their Titanic brood,
Be thine the task to rear
The spacious halls of Art,
To hearken to sweet Song,
Be thine the pride to fear
No foe while in thy heart
The love of Truth is strong,
To help the weak, and be
Beloved and great and free,
Even as thy Mighty Mother—the Grey Queen of the Sea!

John Bernard O'Hara.

IX

NEW ZEALAND

CCXXX

NEW ZEALAND HYMN

God of Nations! at Thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices, we entreat,
  God defend our free land!
Guard Pacific's triple star
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
  God defend New Zealand!

Men of every creed and race
Gather here before Thy face,
Asking Thee to bless this place,
  God defend our free land!
From dissension, envy, hate,
And corruption guard our State,
Make our country good and great,
  God defend New Zealand!

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,
But, should foes assail our coast,
Make us then a mighty host,
  God defend our free land!
Lord of Battles, in Thy might,
Put our enemies to flight,
Let our cause be just and right,
  God defend New Zealand!

Let our love for Thee increase,
May Thy blessings never cease,
Give us plenty, give us peace,
  God defend our free land!
From dishonour and from shame
Guard our country's spotless name,
Crown her with immortal fame,
  God defend New Zealand!

May our mountains ever be
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
Make us faithful unto Thee,
God defend our free land!
Guide her in the nations' van,
Preaching love and truth to man,
Working out Thy glorious plan,
God defend New Zealand!

Thomas Bracken.

CCXXXI

OUR HERITAGE

A PERFECT peaceful stillness reigns,
Not e'en a passing playful breeze
The sword-shaped flax-blades gently stirs:
The vale and slopes of rising hills
Are thickly clothed with yellow grass,
Whereon the sun, late risen, throws
His rays, to linger listlessly.
Naught the expanse of yellow breaks,
Save where a darker spot denotes
Some straggling bush of thorny scrub;
While from a gully down the glen,
The foliage of the dull-leaved trees
Rises to view; and the calm air
From stillness for a moment waked
By parakeets' harsh chattering,
Swift followed by a tui's trill
Of bell-like notes, is hushed again.
The tiny orbs of glistening dew
Still sparkle, gem-like, 'mid the grass;
While morning mist, their Mother moist,
Reluctant loiters on the hill,
Whence presently she'll pass to merge
In the soft depths of the blue heav'ns.
This fertile Isle to us is given
Fresh from its Maker's hand; for here
No records of the vanished past
Tell of the time when might was right,

And self-denial weakness was;
But all is peaceful, pure, and fair.
Our heritage is hope. We'll rear
A Nation worthy of the land;
And when in age we linger late,
Upon the heights above life's vale,
Before we, like the mist, shall merge
In depths of God's eternity,
We'll see, perchance, our influence
Left dew-like, working for the good
Of those whose day but dawns below.

Alexander Buthgate.

CCXXXII

TO ONE IN ENGLAND

I SEND to you
Songs of a Southern Isle,
Isle like a flower
In warm seas low lying:
Songs to beguile
Some wearisome hour,
When Time's tired of flying.

Songs which were sung
To a rapt listener lying,
In sweet lazy hours,
Where wild-birds' nests swing,
And winds come a-sighing
In Nature's own bowers.

Songs which trees sing,
By summer winds swayed
Into rhythmical sound;
Sweet soul-bells sung
Through the Ngaio's green shade,
Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an Island
Just waking from sleeping
In history's morning;
Songs from a land
Where night shadows creep
When your day is dawning.

. . . . . .

O songs, go your way,
Over seas, over lands,
Though friendless sometimes,
Fear not, comes a day
When the world will clasp hands
With my wandering rhymes.

Eleanor Elizabeth Montgomery.

CCXXXIII

A VOICE FROM NEW ZEALAND

Cooee! I send my voice
Far North to you,
Rose of the water's choice,
Dear England true!
Guardian angels three—
Faith, Hope, and Charity—
Welcome the strong sons free
Born unto you.

Cooee! Through flamegirt foam
Speeds now my soul
Straight to thy hero home.
Blue waters roll
Round where Immortals trod—
Shakespeare—half man, half God—
Laughed, with divining rod,
Sounding the soul.

Thou shining gem of sea!
Angels on wing,
Resting where men are free,
Teach them to sing

Such songs blind Milton heard,
Coleridge and Wordsworth stirred,
Keats', and our own lost bird's
  Haunting, sweet ring.

Cooee! North, hear the song
  On the South's breath,
Laurels to life belong;
  Cypress to death!
Wreathe in song's garland fair,
Culled with a Nation's care,
My cypress leaf—a prayer,
  Warm with South's breath!

Eleanor Elizabeth Montgomery.

NOTES

NOTES

I.—ENGLAND

I

Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory. To a pleasant new Tune. Quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV.*, and, therefore, popular before 1600. This ballad has been severely edited, and I omit several stanzas. It is printed in full in Hazlitt's edition of Collier's 'Shakespeare's Library,' vol. i. (Reeves & Turner, 1825).

II

Published in 1589.

III—IV

Both were published in *Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall* (1605?) and *Poemes* (1619). As to the first:—l. 6. *Caux* ('commonlie called Kidcaux,' says Holinshed) was the district north-east of the mouth of the Seine.

l. 83. *bilbos.* Swords, from Bilbao.

92. *ding.* To belabour with blows.

V—VI

The first is from John of Gaunt's dying speech (*King Richard II.*, Act ii. sc. 1). *King Richard II.* was probably written early in 1593. It was published anonymously in 1597. The second is from *King John*, Act v. sc. 7. 1594 is the date assigned to Shakespeare's *King John*, which was first printed in the First Folio (1623). These and the two succeeding numbers follow the text of 'The Globe Edition' of Shakespeare's Works. I am indebted to the publishers of that edition, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and to the

Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for kindly extending to readers of this volume the benefits of the scientific labours of Dr. W. G. Clark and Mr. W. A. Wright.

VII

From various parts of *King Henry V.* The play was written in 1598, and performed for the first time early in 1599. The first complete version was published in the First Folio (1623).

l. 23. *rivage.* The shore.

27. *sternage.* (To sternage of=astern of, so as to follow.)

40. *puissance.* Strength.

87. *battle.* An army, or division of an army.

90. *accomplishing.* Equipping.

144. *Crispian.* 'The daie following,' says Holinshed, 'was the five and twentieth of October in the year 1415, being then fridaie, and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, a daie faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowfull and unluckie to the French.'

174. *Whiffler.* Herald or usher.

183. *ostent.* Clear, visible.

VIII

King Henry VIII., Act ii. sc. 3.

IX

Printed by Percy (*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765). 'From an old black-letter copy.'

Cailiver (l. 21)=Caliver, a kind of light musket.

X

There are broadsides of this ballad in the Roxburghe and Bagford Collections. The version here given is taken from Mr. Henley's volume, *Lyra Heroica* (David Nutt, 1891), by permission of editor and publisher. The full title of the Roxburghe broadside is as follows:—'The Honour of Bristol, shewing how the Angel Gabriel of Bristol fought with three ships, who boarded as many times, wherein we cleared our Decks, and killed five hundred of their Men, and wounded many more, and make them fly into Cales, where we lost but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol. To the tune of *Our Noble King in his Progress.*'

Calés (l. 13), pronounced as a dissyllable, is, of course, Cadiz.

XI—XII

The first is entitled : *To the Lord General Cromwell, May* 1652 : *On the Proposals of certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel,* and was written against the intolerant Fifteen Proposals of John Owen and the majority of the Committee. This sonnet first appeared at the end of Philip's *Life of Milton* (1694).

Hireling wolves (l. 14) = the paid clergy.

The second is from the chorus of *Samson Agonistes* (ll. 1268–1286). *Samson Agonistes* was first published in 1671, in the small octavo volume which contained *Paradise Regained.*

XIII—XIV

The *Horatian Ode* was first printed in 1776, in Captain Edward Thompson's edition of Marvell's *Works.*

l. 15. *side.* Party.

32. *Bergamot.* A kind of pear.

67, &c. The finding of the human head at Rome, regarded as a happy omen, is mentioned by Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, xxviii. 4).

The second appeared in *Poems* (1681).

XV

Produced in 1643. The author was a famous ballad-monger of Charles I.'s time. The original refrain was 'When the King comes home in peace again' (*Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, iii. 256; *Loyal Garland*, 1671 and 1686; Ritson, *Ancient Songs*). The song was written to support the declining cause of the Royal Martyr. It helped to keep up the spirits of the Cavaliers in the days before the Restoration (1660), which event it was used to celebrate. When the Revolution (1688) drove the Stuarts into exile, this song became a weapon in the hands of the Jacobites.

XVI

This was a very popular loyal song in the reign of Charles II. Both words and music are given in Playford's *Musical Companion* (1667).

XVII—XVIII

The first is from Dryden's opera, *King Arthur, or the British Worthy* (1691). As to the first: 'A battle is supposed to be given

behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which, the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.'—Author's Note.

The second is an extract from *Annus Mirabilis* (1667).

XIX

This famous song, which Heine once declared expressed the whole character of the English people, made its first appearance in *The Masque of Alfred* (1740).

XX

This song is at least as old as the reign of Queen Anne. In the British Museum there are many half-sheet copies, with music. The earliest begins, 'Here's a health to the Queen,' &c.

XXI

The first print of our National Anthem is to be found in *Harmonica Anglicana*, a collection of part songs (*circa* 1742). This copy consists of two stanzas only. The third made its appearance when *Harmonica Anglicana* was extended to two volumes, with the new title *Thesaurus Musicus*. The copy printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (October 1745) contains the three stanzas given here, and is called, 'A Song for Two Voices sung at both play-houses.'

XXII

Sung in Garrick's pantomime, *The Harlequin's Invasion*, produced December 31, 1759.

XXIII

Odes ('Printed for A. Millar in the Strand,' 1746), and Dodsley's *Museum* (iv., 1749).

XXIV—XXV

The first was written 'after reading Hume's *History* in 1780' (Benham). The second was written in September 1782. The *Royal George* (108 guns) was being repaired at Spithead (August 29, 1782), when she capsized and sank instantly. Rear-Admiral Richard Kempenfelt was then under orders to proceed to the relief of Gibraltar.

XXVI—XXVIII

The first is from *The Oddities, a Table Entertainment* (1789-1790), and its original title was *Poor Tom, or the Sailor's Epitaph.* The second was first sung in *The Wags, or the Camp of Pleasure* (October 18, 1790). The third was first sung in *A Tour to Land's End* (1798), and its original title was *Yo heave ho!* The first collected edition of Charles Dibdin's songs was issued in five volumes from 1790 to 1799.

XXIX

The air of *The British Grenadiers* is at least as old as the reign of Elizabeth, and is one of the most characteristic of the English National airs. The words here given are from a copy (with music) about a hundred and fifty years old.

XXX

Chappell dates this song 1758. The matter is not free from doubt, but the reference in the second stanza to 'Brighton Camp' is a clue. There were encampments along the south coast (1758–9) when Hawke and Rodney were watching the French fleet in Brest Harbour. The song appears to be English, although it has appeared in several collections of Irish music. I have omitted several stanzas which appear in Chappell's version (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. ii. p. 710).

XXXI

From *Lock and Key*, 'a musical entertainment,' first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (*circa* 1790).

XXXII

From two of the *Prophetic Books* entitled *Jerusalem* and *Milton* respectively, and both published in 1804.

XXXIII

Poems (1807). Composed August 1802. 'On August 29th left Calais at 12 in the morning for Dover. . . . Bathed and sat on

the Dover Cliffs, looked upon France. We could see the shores about as plain as if it were an English lake. Mounted the coach at half-past four, arrived in London at six.'—(Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal.)

XXXIV—XL

Poems (1807). The first and second were composed in September 1802, the third in 1803, and the fourth in 1806. The fifth is from the third stanza of the *Thanksgiving Ode* (1816). The sixth and seventh were 'composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833,' and were published in *Yarrow Revisited and Other Poems* (1835).

XLI

From the Introduction to the first canto of *Marmion* (1808).

XLII—XLIII

The Snug Little Island, or The March of Invasion was first sung by 'Jew' Davis in *The British Raft* at Sadler's Wells on Easter Monday, 1797. Tune—'The Rogue's March.' The author's title for the next number (*Last Lays*, 1833) is *A Soldier's Life.*

XLIV

Poetical Works, vol. iii. (Longmans, 1838). This is number xxxiii. of the 'Inscriptions.'

XLV—XLVII

The first two were published with *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809). The first (written at Altona during the winter of 1800-1) is based on a seventeenth-century song which Campbell used to sing. As to the second (written in 1805), I omit stanzas 5, 6, and 8, an improvement suggested by Mr. Henley. The third appeared in *Theodoric and Other Poems* (Longmans, 1824).

XLVIII

Songs and Poems (edited by Peter Cunningham, 1847).

XLIX—LI

The first is from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (canto iii. stanza 2, and canto iv. stanzas 8, 9, 10). The third canto was published in 1816, and the fourth in 1818. Byron left England—never to return—on April 24, 1816.

l. 22. The poet's body was sent home to England, and was buried in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard, near Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire.

32. The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Spartan General, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

The second is from the third canto of *Don Juan* (1821).

The third is from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (canto iii. stanzas 21-28). The Duchess of Richmond's famous ball took place on June 15, 1815, the eve of Quatre Bras, at the Duke's house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels.

20. *Brunswick's fated chieftain.* The Duke of Brunswick (1771-1815) was killed at Quatre Bras. His father, author of the famous manifesto against the French Republic (July 15, 1792), had fallen at Jena (1806).

54. *Evan's—Donald's.* Sir Evan Cameron (1629-1719) and his grandson Donald Cameron of Lochiel (1695-1748). The former fought at Killiecrankie (1689), and the latter, celebrated by Campbell in *Lochiel's Warning*, was wounded at Culloden (1746).

55. *Ardennes.* The general term is applied to the forest of Soignies, which at this time occupied the whole country between Brussels and Waterloo.

LII

First published (without the author's permission) in the *Newry Telegraph* (April 19, 1817), and reprinted in many other journals. Highly praised by Byron (1822)—'Such an ode as only Campbell could have written'—this poem was attributed to Byron himself, and claimed by many impostors. The question of authorship was settled in 1841 by the discovery of an autograph copy in a letter from Wolfe to a college friend.

LIII—LIV

Works, with a Memoir (7 vols., William Blackwood & Sons, 1839). Most of Mrs. Hemans' poems were first published in periodicals, such as *The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* and *The*

New Monthly Magazine. The latter was, for a time, edited by Thomas Campbell, not very successfully. The 'Author's Note' on the first number is as follows:—'It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow;* and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and, therefore, straight.'

LV—LVI

The first (reprinted from *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*) was included in the 1848 edition of the *Lays of Ancient Rome.* It is dated 1832.

LVII—LVIII

Alma and other Poems (1855), and *Poems* (New Edition, 2 vols., Macmillan & Co., 1885). By permission of Mr. A. Chenevix Trench.

LIX

Last Poems (Smith, Elder & Co., 1862). This volume was published after the author's death. By permission of the publishers.

LX—LXVI

The first two appeared in *Poems* (2 vols., Edward Moxon, 1842). The third is from *The Princess: a Medley* (Edward Moxon, 1847). The fourth is from the lines entitled, *To the Queen*, forming the Dedication of the Seventh Edition of *Poems* (London: 1851). The fifth and sixth first appeared in *The Examiner*, in 1852; the former on January 31, and the latter on February 7. The seventh is from the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, published separately in November 1852 (Edward Moxon), and reprinted with *Maud* (1855).

LXVII—LXVIII

The first appeared in *The Examiner*, December 9, 1854, and was reprinted with *Maud* (1855). Written on December 2nd, in a few minutes, after reading the description in *The Times*, in which occurred the phrase 'someone had blundered.' (*Memoir*, i. p. 381.) The second is from *Maud*.

LXIX

The Return of the Guards and Other Poems (Macmillan & Co., 1866). By permission of the publishers. The poem deals with an incident of the war with China (1860):—'Some Seiks (Sikhs) and a private of the Buffs (or East Kent Regiment) having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Ko tou*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown upon a dunghill.' Quoted by the author from *The Times*.

LXX—LXXI

Bells and Pomegranates (vii. 1845). The first was written in Italy. The second was written in pencil on the cover of an Italian book during Browning's first journey to Italy. He sailed in a merchant vessel from London to Trieste, and was the only passenger (1838). A letter from the poet to Miss Haworth gives an account of the voyage. (*Life and Letters*, edited by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, 2nd edition, p. 97.)

LXXII

Songs for Music (Routledge, 1856), a reprint of a series of songs from *The Illustrated London News* (1852-1855).

LXXIII—LXXIV

The first is from *Songs in Absence* (1852), and was probably composed during the author's voyage across the Atlantic. The second appears in *Poems with Memoir by F. T. Palgrave* (Macmillan & Co., 1862). By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

LXXV

Andromeda and Other Poems (1858). Written in 1854.

LXXVI

Edinburgh Courant, 1852.

l. 3. *The Vengeur's crew*. The *Vengeur* was sunk in Lord Howe's action against the French fleet on 'the glorious first of

June' (1794), off the coast of Brittany. For the final account of her sinking see Carlyle (*Miscellanies*—'Sinking of the *Vengeur*').

LXXVII

Ionica (George Allen, 1891). By permission of Mrs. Cory. The poem was written in 1861, and was privately printed in 1877. The 'School Fencibles' are the members of the Volunteer Corps of Eton College, whose grey uniform, with light-blue facings, is the 'meek attire of blue and grey' referred to in l. 10.

LXXVIII

Verses 1, 2, 4, and 9 of Hymn No. 143 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. By permission of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

LXXIX

Sonnets and Other Poems (A. & C. Black, 1900). By permission of author and publishers.

LXXX

Points of War (Bell & Daldy, 1855), and *Wagers of Battle* (Macmillan & Co., 1900). By permission of the author and Messrs. Macmillan.

LXXXI—LXXXII

Both from *Visions of England* (Macmillan & Co., 1881). By permission of the publishers.

l. 1. *Isle of Roses.* Within the temple of Athena at Lindus, in the island of Rhodes, Pindar's seventh Olympian Ode was engraved in golden letters.

40. *Changing at the font.* Alfred was god-father to Guthrun, the Danish leader, when baptized after his defeat at Ethandún (872).

LXXXIII

Balder (Smith & Elder, 1854).

LXXXIV

This poem first appeared in *The Times* (October 31, 1899), was reprinted separately by Messrs. Skeffington & Sons, and is included in the author's last volume, *The Finding of the Book and Other Poems* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1900). By permission of the author, the editor of *The Times*, and the publishers above mentioned.

LXXXV

Legends and Lyrics (1858). Written in 1855.

LXXXVI

Havelock's March and Other Poems (Trübner & Co., 1859). By permission of the author.

LXXXVII

Collected Poems (Macmillan & Co., 1900). By permission of the publishers.

LXXXVIII

Songs and Rhymes (Elliot Stock, 1896). By permission of the author.

LXXXIX

Poems Narrative and Lyrical (Pickering, 1853). By permission of the author.

XC

Poems (Elkin Mathews, 1893). By permission of the author.

XCI

The Bab Ballads, with which are included Songs of a Savoyard (George Routledge & Sons, 1897). By permission of the author. This is one of the songs in the comic opera *Utopia, Limited.*

XCII—XCIII

Both from *A Jubilee Greeting at Spithead* (John Lane, 1897). By permission of the author.

XCIV—XCVII

The first three numbers are from *Poems and Ballads*, 3rd series (Chatto & Windus, 1889). The first is part viii. section ii. of *The Armada*.

As to the second, Drumossie Muir (l. 16), in Inverness-shire, was the scene of the battle of Culloden (1746).

l. 17. *ayont*. Beyond.
25. *mool*. Mould.
laps. Wraps.
40. *wotsna*. Knows not.
45. *weird for dreeing*. To 'dree a weird' is to abide a fate.
47. *thole*. To endure.
65. *Wansbeck*. A Northumberland stream.
69. *thae*. Those.

The fourth number is from the dedicatory lines in *Astrophel and Other Poems* (Chatto & Windus, 1894). By permission of author and publishers.

XCVIII

The Graphic (November 11, 1899). By permission of the author and the editor of *The Graphic*.

XCIX—C

The first appeared in *The St. James's Magazine* (now defunct), October, 1877, and was included in the second edition of *Proverbs in Porcelain* (1878), and in *At the Sign of the Lyre* (Kegan Paul, 1889). By permission of author and publisher.

Gloriana (l. 25)=Queen Elizabeth.

The second appeared in *The Sphere* (February 3, 1900). By permission of the author and the editor of *The Sphere*.

CI

Poetical Works (vol. ii., Smith, Elder & Co., 1899). By permission of author and publishers.

CII—CIII

Songs of the Maid (A. Constable & Co., 1896). By permission of author and publishers.

CIV

London Voluntaries and Other Poems (David Nutt, 1894), and *Poems* (David Nutt, 1898). By permission of author and publisher.

CV

A Song of the Sea and Other Poems (Methuen & Co., 1895). By permission of Miss Marie Corelli and the publishers.

CVI

Literature (July 1, 1899). By permission of the author and the editor of *Literature.*

CVII

The Violet Crown and Songs of England (Edward Arnold, 1891). By permission of author and publishers. This poem is dated 'Athens, 1890.'

CVIII

Collected Poems (John Lane, 1895). By permission of the publisher.

CIX—CX

Songs of Action (Smith, Elder & Co., 1898). By permission of author and publishers. *The Song of the Bow* first appeared in *The White Company* (Smith, Elder & Co., 1891).

CXI

The Daily Chronicle, October 28, 1899. By permission of the author and the editor of *The Daily Chronicle.*

CXII—CXIV

Admirals All (Elkin Matthews, 1897). By permission of author and publisher. As to the first:—

l. 1. *Effingham.* Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham (1536–1624), commanded the English fleet sent against the Spanish Armada (1588).

Grenville. Sir Richard Grenville, naval commander (1541?–1591). See Mr. Gerald Massey's poem, *supra*, p. 113.

Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh (1552–1616), soldier, sailor, courtier, adventurer, and writer.

Drake. Sir Francis Drake (1540?–1596).

3. *Benbow.* Vice-admiral John Benbow (1653–1702).

Collingwood. Vice-admiral Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood (1750–1810), second in command at Trafalgar.

Byron. Vice-admiral John Byron (1723–1786), grandfather of the poet.

Blake. Robert Blake (1599–1657), next to Nelson, the greatest English admiral.

8. *Nelson.* Horatio, Viscount Nelson (1758–1805).

13. *Essex.* Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex (1567–1601), commanded the land attack on Cadiz (1596) when the city was taken by the English.

30. *Duncan.* Admiral Adam, Viscount Duncan (1731–1804), who defeated the Dutch in the fight off Camperdown (October 11, 1797).

31. *Texel.* One of the mouths of the Zuyder Zee.

38. *The Sound.* The strait between Sweden and Denmark leading into the Baltic Sea. The English fleet entered the Sound on April 1, 1801, and next morning Nelson, acting under orders from Sir Hyde Parker, attacked the Danish batteries.

52. *Rodneys.* Admiral George Brydges, first Baron Rodney (1719–1792).

The third is an extract from the poem entitled *Laudabunt Alii.*

CXV

The Seven Seas. (Methuen & Co., 1896.) By permission of author and publishers.

l. 9. *Bergen.* A town on the west coast of Norway.

10. *Disko.* An island off the west coast of Greenland.

floe. The surface ice of polar seas.

12. *Dogger.* A sandbank in the middle of the North Sea.

18. *Musk-ox.* A long-haired animal of the ox tribe, found in Arctic America.

21. *Virgins.* A group of small islands in the West Indies.

23. *sea-egg.* Sea-urchin.

25. *Keys.* Islands near the coast (Spanish *cayo*, a sandbank).

37. *Kuriles.* A group of islands in the North Pacific.

39. *Praya.* Capital of the Cape Verde Islands.

Kowloon. A town in China, near Hong-Kong.

43. *Hoogli.* The Ganges.
50. *Winds.* Scents, smells.

CXVI

The Times (July 17, 1897). Suggested by the celebration of Queen Victoria's 'Diamond Jubilee' (June 22). By permission of the author and the editor of *The Times.*

CXVII

The Spectator (December 16, 1899). By permission of the author and the editor of *The Spectator.* The poem is written to an old Gaelic air.

CXVIII

A Gun-Room Ditty Box (Cassell & Co., 1898). By permission of author and publishers. 'Snotties' is the naval equivalent of 'midshipmen.'

II.—WALES

CXIX

Published (with *The Progress of Poetry*) in 1757.

l. 5. *hauberk.* Coat of mail.

8. *Cambria.* Wales; a Latinised form of 'Cymru.'

13–14. *Gloster. Mortimer.* English nobles and Lords of the Welsh Marches.

28. *Hoel.* King of Brittany and nephew of King Arthur.

Llewellyn. A famous Welsh prince of the eleventh century.

29. *Cadwallo.* King of North Wales in the seventh century.

31. *Urien.* A Welsh hero of the fifth century.

33. *Mordred.* Nephew of Arthur.

34. *Plinlimmon.* A mountain in Cardiganshire.

35. *Arvon.* 'The shores of Carnarvonshire opposite the Isle of Anglesea.'—Gray.

56. Edward II. was murdered in Berkeley Castle (September 21, 1327).

57. Isabella, wife of Edward II.

67. Edward, the Black Prince.

71, &c. The reign of Richard II.

83–96. The Wars of the Roses.

87. The Tower of London was said to have been begun by Julius Cæsar.

89. *Consort.* Margaret of Anjou.

father. Henry V.

90. *meek usurper.* Henry VI.

93. The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.

115. Queen Elizabeth.

121. *Taliessin.* A Welsh bard of the sixth century.

126. Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

128. Shakespeare's plays.

131. Milton.

133. 'The succession of poets after Milton's time.'—Gray.

CXX

Poetical Works (1832). Bodryddan is near Rhuddlan, in Flintshire.

CXXI—CXXII

Works, with a Memoir (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1839). As to the first,—

l. 2. *Hirlas.* From 'hir,' long, and 'glas,' blue or azure.

14. Eryri is the Welsh name for the Snowdon Mountains.

As to the second,—

Prince Madog, a natural son of Llywelyn, was the leader of the Welsh Rebellion (1294–1295), occasioned by the levying of taxes by Edward I. to pay for his projected expedition to Gascony.

CXXIII

Poems (Roberts, 1869). Translated from the Welsh.

l. 1. *Glyndwr.* Owain ap Gruffydd, commonly called Owen Glendower (1359?–1416?), joined the Percies and Mortimers in their rebellion against Henry IV.

CXXIV

From the Ode written at the request of the Llywelyn Memorial Committee (Bangor: Jarvis & Foster, 1895). By permission of the author. Llywelyn ap Gruffydd (died 1282) was the last champion of Welsh liberty.

l. 29. *Lloegrian.* Lloegria was one of the ancient names of Britain.

40. *Cwmhir.* Cwmhir Abbey in Radnorshire.

67. *Iorwerth's happier son.* Llywelyn ap Iorwerth (died 1240), commonly called Llywelyn the Great.

CXXV

This translation of the famous Welsh poem, *Morfa Rhuddlan* (*i.e.*, 'Red Marsh') is in the metre of the original. Published (September, 1894) in *Wales*, a monthly magazine. By permission of the editor of *Wales* and the author's representatives. Three stanzas (2, 5, and 6) are omitted. Morfa Rhuddlan, on the banks of the Clwyd in Flintshire, was the scene of many battles between Britons and Saxons. In the battle described in the poem (A.D. 795), the Britons under Caradoc were defeated and their leader slain. Those who escaped the sword were driven into the river. The original poem is said to have been composed by Caradoc's bard immediately after the battle.

CXXVI—CXXVII

Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century, First Series (Bangor: Jarvis & Foster, 1896). By permission of author and publishers.

As to the first,—Idris (=Cader Idris), Berwin, and Plynlimmon (l. 8, &c.) are mountains in Wales.

As to the second,—Cymru (l. 1)=Wales.

III.—SCOTLAND

CXXVIII

The Tea-Table Miscellany: a Collection of Choice Songs (Edinburgh, 4 vols., 1724–7).

CXXIX

This 'matchless wail' (as Scott called it) was written in 1756. For some time it was thought to be a genuine relic of the past. Burns was one of the first to insist that it was a modern composition. The 'Forest' is, of course, Ettrick Forest, that romantic district comprising most of Selkirkshire and the neighbouring parts

of Peebles and Edinburgh shires. A few straggling thorns and solitary birches are the sole remaining traces of this 'fein foreste,' once the favourite hunting-ground of the Scottish kings.

bandsters. Binders of sheaves.
bogle. 'Hide and seek.'
buchts. Pen in which ewes are enclosed at milking-time.
daffin'. Making merry.
dool. Sorrow.
dowie. Doleful.
fleechin'. Coaxing.
gabbin'. Talking pertly.
har'st. Harvest.
ilk, ilka. Every.
liltin'. Singing.
loanin'. Lane.
laighlin. Milking pail.
lyart. Hoary-headed.
mair. More.
runkled. Wrinkled.
swankies. Lively young fellows.
wae. Sad.
wede. Weeded.

CXXX

Written on the Marquess of Huntley's departure for Holland, with the English forces, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, in 1799.

CXXXI—CXXXIV

The first is number 259 in vol. iii. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1790), signed 'Z.' 'The first half stanza of this song is old—the rest is mine.'—Author's note in interleaved copy.

The second was written in 1793, and first published in the *Morning Chronicle* (May, 1794). The old air, *Hey, tuttie, taitie,* to which Burns 'fitted' this poem, is said to have been Bruce's marching tune at Bannockburn.

The third appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant* (May 4, 1795), and in the *Dumfries Journal* (May 5, 1795), and is number 546 in vol. ii. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1803).

The fourth was written in 1795 for the Irish air *Humours of Glen,* and published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* (May, 1797), and in vol. ii. of Thomson's *Scottish Airs* (1799).

CXXXV—CXXXVII

The first is the opening stanza of the sixth canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805).

The second consists of part of stanza 33, and the whole of stanza 34 of the sixth canto of *Marmion* (1808).

l. 5. *vaward.* Vanguard.

7. The horn of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, the sound of which carried a fabulous distance.

The third was written for *Albyn's Anthology* (1816). 'Donuil Dhu' means 'Donald the Black.'

CXXXVIII—CXL

The first is from *The Monastery* (1820).

l. 8. *the Queen.* Mary, Queen of Scots.

9. *hirsels.* Flocks.

The second, written in 1825, first appeared in *The Doom of Devergoil* (1830), Act ii. scene 2.

'The air of Bonnie Dundee running in my head to-day,' Scott writes (22nd December), 'I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the keynote from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-9. *I wonder if they are good!*' (*Journal*, i. 60).

barkened. Tanned.
carline. Old woman.
couthie. Kind.
douce. Quiet.
duniewassals. Yeomen.
flyting. Scolding.
gang. Go.
ilk. Every.
pow. Pate.
target. A round shield.

The full title of the third number is 'War Song of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons.' It was written under the apprehension of a French invasion. The corps of volunteers to which the song is addressed was raised in 1797, and consisted of Edinburgh gentlemen mounted and armed at their own expense.

CXLI

From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vols. (1802-1803). The first four lines of the fourth stanza appear on the title-page of *Marmion*.

CXLII

First published in Cromek's *Remains of Nithisdale and Galloway Song* (1810), when the author was a working mason.

CXLIII

Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. iii. (1790). A similar song, *The Clans are Coming*, is included in Ritson's *Scottish Songs* (1794).

CXLIV

Collected Works, edited by William Anderson (1851). I have found many versions of this old song, but none to equal Gilfillan's.

CXLV—CXLVI

Both from *Songs of Travel* (Chatto & Windus, 1896). By permission of Charles Baxter, Esq., executor of the author.

The second was written at Vailima, Samoa, and is addressed 'To S. R. Crockett, Esq.' The author writes from Vailima to Mr. Crockett (May 17, 1893):—'I shall never set my foot again upon the heather. Here I am until I die, and here will I be buried. The word is out, and the doom written.'—*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 287 (Methuen & Co., 1899).

l. 3. *Whaups.* Curlews.

11. *Peewees.* Lapwings.

CXLVII

Blackwood's Magazine (January 1900). By permission of the author and the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

JACOBITE SONGS

CXLVIII—CLI

The first number is given in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, Second Series (Wm. Blackwood, 1821).

As to the second,—there are many versions of this old song. Hogg has two versions, both different to that given here.

The third number is attributed to Hogg by Chambers and other critics.

The fourth is said to have been written by Lady Keith (*née* Lady Maria Drummond), daughter of the Earl of Perth, and mother of James Francis Edward, commonly called Marshal Keith (1698-1758), who fought under Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War.

birken. Birch.
laverock. Lark.
Moidart. In Inverness.
croo house. Hovel.
bike. Family.
lyart. Hoary.
eild. Old age.
clishmaclaver. Idle discourse.

CLII—CLV

The first is number 127 of vol. ii. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1788). Unsigned.

The second is number 302 of vol. iv. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1792). Unsigned.

l. 2. *felly.* Relentless.
5. *maun.* Must.
9. *mirk.* Gloomy.

The third is number 359 of vol. iv. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1792). Unsigned. This song has not been found in any earlier collection.

The fourth is number 497 of vol. v. of Johnson's *Musical Museum* (1796). Unsigned. Based on an old ballad, 'Unkind Parents' (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vii.).

l. 15. *gae.* Gave.
28. *lee-lang.* Live-long.

CLVI—CLVII

Lays from Strathearn (1746). These new versions of old songs were first published anonymously.

As to the second, *gar mony ferlie* (l. 2)='cause great excitement.'

CLVIII

Given in Hogg (Second Series), and reprinted in *Poetical Remains of William Glen, with Memoir* (1874). Written to the old tune, 'Johnnie Faa.'

l. 12. *lilt o' dool.* Song of grief.
22. *maist.* Almost.
38. *fairly.* Completely.

CLIX

Songs of the North, vol. i. (Cramer & Co., 1885). By permission of the author, who wrote the words to fit an old and stirring air with which he became acquainted when on a visit to the Hebrides.

CLX

By permission of the author and the editor of *The Celtic Monthly*, in which publication (May, 1894) these verses first appeared.

IV.—IRELAND

CLXI

Lines 83-97 of *The Deserted Village* (1769).

CLXII

This, the best and most widely known of the Irish street ballads, dates from the year 1798. *Caubeen* (l. 15)=hat.

CLXIII—CLXIX

All from the famous series of *Irish Melodies*, the publication of which began in 1807, and continued at irregular intervals till 1834.

As to the second,—

l. 3. *Mononia.* Munster.
4. *Kincora.* Brien's Palace.
22. *Ossory's plain.* The ancient kingdom of Ossory comprised parts of Queen's County and Kilkenny.

As to the third,—

l. 1. *Tara's halls.* The hill of Tara, in Meath, was the meeting-place for the election of the kings of Ireland; but most writers on Irish antiquities are of opinion that there was no royal dwelling there. It would seem, therefore, that 'Tara's halls' never existed but in the imagination of poets.

As to the fifth, Robert Emmet (1778–1803), United Irishman, the leader of 'Emmet's Rising' (1803), was arrested by Major Sirr

(the capturer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald), tried September 19, and hanged next day (1803). He was engaged to be married to Sarah Curran, daughter of the great lawyer, and it was to this lady Moore addressed his famous poem. The lady subsequently (November 24, 1805) married Major Sturgeon of the Royal Staff Corps.

CLXX

Minor Poems of Charlotte Elizabeth (1848). Published in the author's lifetime over the signature 'Charlotte Elizabeth.'

CLXXI—CLXXII

Mangan's poems appeared in Dublin magazines and journals—*The Dublin University Magazine*, *The Nation*, and *The Dublin Penny Journal*. There is no complete edition of his works.

As to the second, 'Dark Rosaleen,' is, of course, a mystical name for Ireland.

CLXXIII—CLXXIV

Songs, Poems, and Verses (John Murray, 1884). By permission of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. The second is dated 1845.

CLXXV—CLXXVI

Dublin University Magazine (1834). As to the first, Fiagh Mac-Hugh O'Byrne, one of the most powerful Irish chieftains in the sixteenth century, was killed in a skirmish with the forces of the Lord Deputy (1597). *Gall* (l. 17)='foreigners.'

The second is the first two stanzas of a very close translation, in the original metre, of an Irish song of unknown authorship, dating from the seventeenth century. The refrain has never been satisfactorily translated.

CLXXVII—CLXXVIII

The Poems of Thomas Davis, now first collected (Dublin: James Duffy, 1846). These poems made their first appearance in *The Nation*.

The second is a 'Lament for the Death of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill,' commonly called Owen Roe O'Neill (1590?-1649), patriot and general, who led the Irish against the Scotch and Parliamentary forces in Ireland (1642-1649).

The Author's Note is as follows:—'*Time.*—November 10, 1649. *Scene.*—Ormond's camp, county Waterford. *Speakers.*—A veteran of Eoghan O'Neill's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.'

l. 2. *Poison.* There is no truth in the assertion that O'Neill was poisoned. He died a natural death.

7. *Sacsanach.* Saxon, English.

8. *Cloc Uachtar.* Clough Oughter, in county Cavan, where the O'Reillys had a stronghold.

19. *Beinn Burb.* Benburb, on the Blackwater, where O'Neill defeated the Scotch army under Monro (June 5, 1646).

CLXXIX

Innisfail and Other Poems (Macmillan & Co., 1877), and *Poetical Works*, six vols. (Macmillan & Co., 1884). By permission of author and publishers.

'The Little Black Rose' (l. 1) and 'The Silk of the Kine' (l. 5) were mystical names applied to Ireland by the bards. Athenry (l. 12), in county Galway, was the scene of a battle in which the Irish under Felim O'Conor were defeated by the English forces under Sir William de Burgh (1316).

CLXXX—CLXXXI

The first appeared in *The Nation*, 1st April 1843, and both are included in *Sonnets and Other Poems* (A. & C. Black, 1900). By permission of author and publishers.

CLXXXII—CLXXXIII

Bards of the Gael and Gall (T. Fisher Unwin, 1897). By permission of author and publisher. Both are translations from Irish poems of the seventeenth century.

As to the first,—O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, hearing that the Government had determined to seize them on a charge of conspiracy, apparently groundless, suddenly left Ireland, sailing from Rathmullan, on Lough Foyle, to France (1607). Their estates were confiscated, and 'The Plantation of Ulster' began.

CLXXXIV

From *Dublin Verses* (Elkin Mathews, 1895)—a collection of poems by members of Trinity College, Dublin. By permission of author and publisher.

CLXXXV

Macmillan's Magazine (September, 1900). By permission of the author and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine.*

CLXXXVI

The Rising of the Moon and Other Poems (1869). By permission of Messrs. Cameron & Ferguson, the present publishers.

l. 2. *ma bouchal.* My boy.

11. *banshee.* The fairy spirit of doom (Irish, *ban-sidhe*).

CLXXXVII

Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland (Dublin: Gill & Son, 1888). By permission of the author. Clonmacnois, founded by St. Kieran in the sixth century, was for many generations one of the greatest ecclesiastical establishments and centres of learning in Ireland. It was the chosen burial-place of many royal and noble families.

CLXXXVIII

The Wind in the Trees (Grant Richards, 1898). By permission of the author.

CLXXXIX

Poems (Elkin Mathews, 1895). By permission of author and publisher.

l. 2. *Inisfail* (*i.e.* 'The Isle of Destiny'), an ancient name of Ireland.

V.—CANADA

CXC

Poems (Toronto: Dudley & Burns, 1888). By permission of the author. The Nile Expeditionary Force for the relief of General Gordon was conveyed up the river in flat-bottomed boats navigated by Canadian Indians (*voyageurs*).

CXCI

Lays of Canada (Montreal: John Lovell & Son, 1890). By permission of the author.

CXCII

Laura Second and Other Poems (Toronto, 1887). By permission of the author's representatives.

CXCIII

A Treasury of Canadian Verse (J. M. Dent & Co., 1900). By permission of the author's representatives.

CXCIV

Toronto Daily Mail (July 23, 1885). By permission of the author. The call for volunteers was occasioned by the 'Half-Breed Rebellion' in North-West Canada (1884-5).

CXCV

Published separately (McCorquodale & Co., 1900), and sold for the benefit of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. By permission of the author.

CXCVI

In Divers Tones (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1887). By permission of the author.

CXCVII—CXCVIII

Beyond the Hills of Dream (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899). By permission of author and publishers. The first had previously appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* (August, 1897), and the second in *The Toronto Globe* (Christmas Number, 1899).

CXCIX—CC

The first is from *Poems Old and New* (Toronto: William Briggs, 1900), and the second from *The Soul's Quest and Other Poems* (London: Kegan Paul & Co., 1888). By permission of the author.

CCI

Canadian Monthly (August, 1897). By permission of the author.

CCII

Watchers of Twilight (Montreal: T. H. Warren, 1894). By permission of the author. Line 2 is a quotation from William Watson's *Last Words to the Colonies.*

CCIII

In Various Moods (Toronto: William Briggs, 1894). By permission of the author.

VI.—INDIA

CCIV

Miscellaneous Verses (Calcutta: Sanders, Cones & Co., 1848).
Gunga (l. 49)=the Ganges.

CCV

Cornhill Magazine (September, 1868), and *Verses Written in India* (Kegan Paul & Co., 1889). By permission of author and publishers.

The massacre which suggested this poem took place near Mohundi, in Oudh (June, 1857). The lives of all the English prisoners would have been spared had they consented to profess Mahometanism by repeating the usual short formula.

CCVI—CCVIII

Indian Lyrics (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co., 1884). By permission of the author.

The Author's Note on the second is as follows:—'Over the well rises a pedestal supporting a statue in white marble—the Angel of Pity. Below is the inscription: *Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondoo Punth of Bithoor; and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July 1857.*'

As to the third,—

l. 7. *peepuls.* The peepul (or pepul) tree.

8. *poinsianas.* The *poinciana regia*, a flowering shrub introduced from Madagascar.

CCIX—CCXI

All three appeared first in *The Times of India*, and are included in *Soldierin'* (Bombay: Indian Textile Journal Co., 1899). By permission of author and publishers.

As to the second,—l. 28. *sangared.* Sangars are temporary stone shelters for riflemen.

As to the third,—During the operations in Tirah (1897) the pass of Saransar (or Saran Sur) was the retreat of the hillmen known as the Lakka Khels. On November 9, a reconnaissance in force was made up the pass. The firing from the heights was deadly and continuous, and, in the evening, when our troops were retreating down the pass, a small party of the 48th (Northamptonshire Regiment) under Second Lieutenant Macintyre and Colour-Sergeant Luck, were cut off and surrounded by the enemy. It was found impossible to save them, and the following morning their dead bodies were found together.

l. 9. *Talavera.* The 48th are known as 'The Talavera Boys,' having distinguished themselves at the battle of Talavera, in the Peninsular War (July 27 and 28, 1809).

CCXII

Departmental Ditties (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co., 1886. London: George Newnes, Ltd., 1899). By permission of the author and Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. 'The Galley-Slave' is understood to be a mystical name for the Indian Civil Servant.

VII.—SOUTH AFRICA

CCXIII

Ephemerides (London: 1828).

CCXIV

By permission of the author and the editor of *Literature*, in which publication (December 9, 1899) the poem first appeared.

CCXV

Published in G. W. Steevens' posthumous volume, *Things Seen: with Memoir by W. E. Henley* (Blackwood, 1900). By permission of the author. The quatrain is inscribed 'G. W. S., December 10, 1869—January 15, 1900.' The lines were written of G. W. Steevens, journalist and war correspondent, who died at Ladysmith during the siege.

CCXVI

England Revisited (Cape Town: J. C. Juta & Co., 1900). By permission of the author.

CCXVII

Cape Argus (May 6, 1901). By permission of the author and the editor of the *Cape Argus*.

CCXVIII

Natal: The Land and its Story (Pietermaritzburg: Davis & Sons, Fifth Edition, 1897). By permission of the author.

l. 1. *Congella*. Hostilities having begun in Natal (1842), Captain Smith led the English forces out of Durban for a night attack on Pretorius' position at Congella. It was a moonlight night, and the advance was observed. Our men were shot down as they marched along the shore without cover. The survivors retreated to Durban, and the Boers immediately invested the town. A despatch-rider having made his way through the Boer lines, reinforcements were sent by sea, and the siege was raised (June 25, 1842). Natal was annexed the following year, and the Boer was thus headed off from the sea.

VIII.—AUSTRALIA

CCXIX

From *Dampier's Dream: an Australian Foreshadowing* (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co., 1892). By permission of the author's representatives.

William Dampier (1652–1715), pirate, circumnavigator, and captain in the navy, made several voyages to the South Seas.

CCXX

Poems (Melbourne: A. H. Massina & Co., 1884). By permission of the publishers.

CCXXI

From *Australia Federata* (*The Times*, January 1, 1901). This poem appeared the same day in the leading journals of all the States of the Commonwealth of Australia. By permission of Sir Horace Tozer, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Queensland.

CCXXII

First published in a Tasmanian newspaper. By permission of the author.

CCXXIII

In the Days when the World was Wide (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: The Australian Book Co., 1895). By permission of Messrs. Angus & Robertson.

Jackeroo (l. 24).

CCXXIV

Literature (November 11, 1899). By permission of the author and the editor of *Literature*.

CCXXV

Maoriland and other Verses (Sydney: The Bulletin Newspaper Co., 1899). By permission of the publishers.

l. 2. *tussock*. 'Tussock' is a coarse grass.

CCXXVI

Fair Girls and Grey Horses (Sydney: The Bulletin Newspaper Co., 1899). By permission of the publishers. This poem first appeared in the Sydney *Bulletin*.

l. 9. *Macquarie*. The river Macquarie rises in the Blue Mountains, eighty miles west of Sydney. After following a north-westerly course of 280 miles its waters are lost in the Macquarie marshes.

CCXXVII

First appeared in *The Brisbane Courier* (August 8, 1899).

CCXXVIII—CCXXIX

The first appeared in *Songs of the South* (Ward, Lock & Co., 1891), and the second is an extract from *The Commonwealth: an Ode* (*Melbourne Age*, January 1901). By permission of the author.

As to the first,—Matthew Flinders (1774–1814), discoverer and captain in the navy, was one of the first surveyors of the east coast of Australia. He spent many years in exploring the country adjacent to the coast.

IX.—NEW ZEALAND

CCXXX

Musings in Maoriland (Sydney: Arthur T. Keirle & Co., 1890). By permission of the publishers.

CCXXXI

First published in the Dunedin *Saturday Advertiser* (June 22, 1878), and included in *Far South Fancies* (Griffith, Farran & Co., 1889). By permission of the author.

l. 15. *Parakeet's.* The parakeet resembles a parrot in appearance, and is one of the native birds of New Zealand.

16. *Tui's.* The tui is a mocking-bird, and has two tufts of white feathers on its neck, the rest of its plumage being jet black. It is commonly called the 'Parson Bird,' from its supposed resemblance to a clergyman in a white tie.

CCXXXII—CCXXXIII

The first is from *Songs of the Singing Shepherd* (Wanganui, New Zealand: A. D. Willis, 1885), and the second from *The Pilgrim of Eternity* (Wanganui: Wanganui Herald Co., 1892). By permission of the author.

As to the second,—*Cooee* (l. 1). The signal-call of the aborigines of New Zealand ('cooee' or 'cooey') can be heard at a great distance.

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